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A YEAR ago the industry of the United States was prostrate; property-owners could not sell their possessions and had no means of estimating their value; business men were as apprehensive about the future as they were depressed about the present; wage earners were suffering terribly from unemployment and want. But in spite of depleted incomes, an ominous outlook and more than usually costly domestic burdens, Americans responded generously to the cry of Belgians and the other sufferers in Europe for relief and assistance. At the present time business is abundant and prosperous, according to the impoverished American standard of prosperity. Unemployment has shrunk to less than its ordinary level. Confidence seems to be fully restored. Many thousands of people are making many millions of dollars, and they have less reason than usual to spend much of it in giving aid to their needy fellow-countrymen. Yet if there was ever a time in the lives of well-to-do Americans when they were under a complete moral obligation to deny superfluities to themselves and give generously for the relief of the needy and oppressed, that time is the present. The amount of acute suffering in the world is colossal, overwhelming and humiliating. Much of this suffering is of a kind which can be relieved by philanthropic work without any of the usual drawbacks of philanthropy. Finally the very calamities from which Europe is suffering are derived from the same hideous cause which has in part brought about the prosperity of the United States. Surely we Americans have good reason to search our consciences and open our purses.

WHENEVER the nations of Europe are ready to discuss terms of peace, there is a medium through which the preliminary overtures can be transmitted, and this medium is American. It is not, we need scarcely say, William J. Bryan or Henry Ford or any of the people who believe that their sincere and enthusiastic passion for peace will create its own object. It is not the President of the United States or the American State Department, because with every intention of being impartial, the administration has not succeeded in convincing any of the belligerents of its ability to be impartial. But there is one responsible, well-informed and completely American organization which almost seems made for the purpose of establishing channels of communication among the belligerents. This organization is headed by a man who lives in London, yet who can travel from London to Brussels, from Brussels to Berlin, from Berlin to Switzerland, and from Switzerland to Paris, and who is received at the chancellories of all the belligerents and at the headquarters of all their armies, without incurring any question as to his ability as a mediator or any suspicion as to his good faith. The individual is Mr. Herbert Hoover. The organization is the Commission for Relief in Belgium. The Commission has been the greatest single agency for lessening the suffering caused by the war. Just

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because it has performed so successfully the work of human alleviation in the midst of the animosities and suspicions of the warring nations, is it peculiarly qualified to become the instrument of a negotiable peace.

THE threatened intention of the Democratic Senatorial caucus to adopt a rule for the shutting off of debate in the Senate will arouse grave misgivings. That the unlimited right of a Senator to maintain his place on the floor brings with it serious evils will be generally admitted. The caucus may succeed in adopting a rule which will serve to diminish the considerable privileges of individuals and of minor groups of Senators, while still permitting all desirable freedom of discussion. But until such a rule is framed, the proposal to limit the freedom of discussion hitherto enjoyed by the Senate suffers under a grievous burden of hostile presumption. The Senate is the one American legislative body which has remained a deliberative agency rather than a mere machine for grinding out a partisan legislative program. In the case of the House the only real discussion by which a contentious measure is tested takes place behind closed doors in the caucus of the prevailing majority. The conversion of the Senate into an equally helpless instrument of a secretive partisan despotism would be a calamity. In the past the Senate, as a consequence of its freedom of debate, has been a really effective instrument of minority representation. Causes, convictions, protests and rebellions which were ruthlessly suffocated in the House have been fully aired in the Senate, and have flourished or have died according to their deserts in the tonic air of publicity. Any attempt on the part of the Democratic majority of the present Congress to take away from the Senate its characteristic quality of being a public assembly in which every important aspect of every question could obtain a full and free hearing should meet, inside of that body and out of it, an uncompromising resistance.

IF the Democrats are wise they will not raise the question of drastic alteration of the rules of the Senate during the coming session. Congress will be confronted with certain novel and contentious problems which need to be fully discussed, and which can only be fully discussed in the Senate. In its existing perplexities about the need, the scope and the cost of preparedness, and about our national foreign policy, the country needs the education of a free ventilation of opinion. It is far better to err on the side of too much than of too little debate. We admit that error on that side can be carried too far. If the minorities opposed to the administration's program of preparedness or to the shipping bill indulge in purely obstructive tactics for the purpose of preventing the majority from passing its bills, the Democrats will have established a strong case for the adoption by the next Congress of a rule closing debate. The majority must have the power ultimately of making its decision prevail, and whenever the freedom of debate substitutes minority for majority government, it will have to be curtailed. In the past the Senate rules have not prevented the majority from ultimately having its way. The last Congress passed successfully a large amount of very contentious legislation; and the present Congress can do the same unless the opposition becomes thoroughly factious and obstructive. The Democratic majority are aggrieved because they could not pass the shipping bill at the short session of the previous Congress, but their real difficulty was not the opposition of the Republicans, it was the indifference of public opinion. In consequence of their past difficulties in passing legislation, the Democrats may be justified in serving notice on the Republicans, or on any merely obstructionist minority, that the freedom of debate will be curtailed in case it is used to kill legislation which is backed by a clear majority; but the opposition should be fairly warned before it is disciplined, and the country fully consulted.

WITH suspicious unanimity, shipowners, shippers and seamen are asking Congress to establish a maritime commission with full jurisdiction over our foreign shipping. But it is only verbally that they are in agreement. They are really asking for three different things under the same name. The shipowner is dreaming of a day when navigation laws imposed by a meddlesome Congress shall be no more; when a board of shipping experts shall have full power to spend money in stimulating, expanding and rendering prosperous the American merchant marine. The shipper has an entirely different vision. He sees a board not unlike the Interstate Commerce Commission, with power to regulate rates and curb the overweening power of shipping combinations, and before which he can bring complaints and file reparation suits. To the seaman the commission is to be an efficient administrative tribunal to enforce the Seamen's law. It will be a temptation to many Congressmen to shirk the duty of framing a maritime policy by leaving the task to a commission. Indeed a plan which already has strong backing is that of giving to such a commission unlimited power to develop a merchant marine by subsidy, public ownership or any other fitting means, to draw a large check in its favor, and then to adjourn. We trust that Congress will not thus conveniently shift its responsibilities. A commission is a useful instrument to enforce navi-

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gation laws, and an indispensable means of regulating shipping. Without it a government-owned line of ships probably cannot succeed. But whether or not the Seamen's law should be repealed, by what standards shipping should be regulated and whether subsidy or public ownership should be resorted to to procure shipping facilities where our foreign commerce needs them, are questions that should be decided by Congress.

IN framing its shipping policy Congress will be guided by considerations of foreign diplomacy no less than of maritime economics. The transatlantic situation until the close of the war will be so uncertain that its consideration must probably be postponed. With South America the case is different. The larger South American republics are turning more and more for the development of their foreign trade to the United States. They no less than we are clamoring for a permanent line of fast steamships, free from belligerent claims and belligerent threats. At least two of them have already officially declared their willingness to join the United States in some form of joint maritime enterprise. Certainly they will not consent to share in such an enterprise unless it has behind it the stability and the resources of the government. Here the solution lies, in public ownership with South American coöperation. In the Orient the situation calls for more careful sailing. Japan has set out with thoroughness and determination to insure her own predominance in Chinese investments and Chinese trade. She now controls virtually all the transpacific shipping, and by the persuasive force of bountiful subsidies she is seeing to it that her own trade rather than ours is promoted. Private American shipping interests are confessedly helpless. Competition with Japanese shipping has always been precarious, and the unequal operation of the language test in the Seamen's law coupled with the Panama Canal act make it almost hopeless. From China we can expect sympathy and encouragement, but not, for the present at least, any active assistance. If the policy of the Open Door in China is to be pursued in the future, it can only be by the establishment of an American steamship line owned and operated by the government. It is the clear duty of Congress to establish such a line.

SECRETARY McADOO'S proposals for increasing the federal revenues are indicative of the opportunism in the present policies of the Democratic party. There is not the least attempt to coördinate these fiscal proposals with traditional Democratic principle. The retention of the existing duty on sugar is an obvious concession to protectionism. It will be said that the concession is made involuntarily, under the spur of fiscal necessity. But there would be no serious difficulty in making up the deficiency resulting from free sugar by duties on coffee and tea, which would carry with them no incidental protection to domestic interests. A revision of the tobacco duties could be made to yield a certain and considerable increase in revenue. Possibly the national interests will be best subserved by continued protection of the domestic sugar industry, but if the administration believes this to be the case it ought to admit frankly that it was mistaken in its earlier policy, instead of hiding behind emergency fiscal requirements. Protection that is to do any good must be regarded as reasonably permanent. Investors will not undertake to extend the sugar industry if the government proposes to give and withhold protection on grounds derived from fiscal expediency.

THE proposals of a horse-power tax on automobiles and other internal combustion engines and of a tax on gasoline and crude and refined oils were probably made without prolonged deliberation or serious purpose. A tax on internal combustion engines has nothing to recommend it. It would not be easily levied by existing fiscal machinery, and the cost of collection would be high. The internal combustion engine constitutes one of the most rapidly developing factors in our industrial technique. To interfere with this development through a special tax would be bad industrial policy. Nor is there any obvious justification for a tax on gasoline and crude and refined oils. These are sources of power of peculiar importance to small-scale industry. Secretary McAdoo's underlying motive appears to be a desire to reach the users of automobiles. But if special taxes are to be levied on automobiles they should be levied by the states, in the interest of highway development; and in any case we have a more certain means of reaching the tax-paying ability of automobile owners through the income tax.

"LAW and order" as they know it in Paterson was well represented at the trial of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. Judge Klenert, who a week before had watched the police prevent Miss Flynn from exercising her constitutional right of free speech, presided. Chief of Police Bimson sat in the front row of spectators. Miss Flynn was charged with having uttered on February 25, 1913, words inciting to riot and disorder. The words—eighty-five of them—did not appear in the charge upon which she was arrested. But in November, 1915, almost three years later, a number of policemen swore that they remembered exactly those eighty-five words. The real question at issue was not whether Miss

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Flynn had or had not uttered those words, but whether the manufacturing interests of Paterson should be allowed to prevent agitation during a period of prosperity by sending one of the agitators to jail. The activities of an organizer like Miss Flynn may cost the manufacturers dear in strikes and demands for larger wages. That is why she is feared in Paterson. That is why she was not allowed to speak. That is why she was put on trial for words supposed to have been uttered three years ago. The jury's prompt acquittal is sufficient commentary on such proceedings.

REVISION of the income tax law, in the direction of increasing rates and reducing the minimum income subject to the tax by one thousand dollars, has many theoretical considerations in its favor. The income tax is one that is really felt, and the greater the number of persons who must feel it, the more effective the check upon governmental extravagance. Especially at a time like the present, when the conversion of the nation to a policy of large armaments opens a vista to vast and increasing expenditures, some such check is imperative. But the administration of an income tax law is difficult at best, and the tracking down of small incomes tries the resources of the most efficient fiscal machinery. There seems to be ground for believing that the present tax falls far short of reaching all income subject to it. A moderate increase in existing rates would present no new problems of administration. A lowering of the exemption would present very serious problems; and it is an open question whether it should be undertaken at the present time.

ANY plan of financing armaments through taxation, however ill advised in itself, is preferable to a plan of meeting present fiscal needs through a bond issue. The Washington *Post* argues that the defense of the nation is in the interest of posterity as well as in our present interest, and therefore we have a right to make posterity share the burden. But posterity will have defense burdens of its own. Its burdens are certain to be heavy if to-day we inaugurate the policy of providing ourselves with armaments beyond our present ability to pay. European nations have experimented with loans for military preparedness, and no one familiar with the results will assert that they have been so favorable as to justify emulation. We are a fairly prosperous people just now, and we shall be more prosperous before the cost of armament begins to weigh on the treasury. If we can ever meet the expense without serious inconvenience, we can meet it now.

Pro-German

". . . a somewhat pro-German weekly in New York, *The New Republic.*"—From an editorial in the Boston *Evening Transcript.*

THIS remark was made by the *Transcript* just three days after THE NEW REPUBLIC had discussed at some length the desirability of an eventual alliance with Great Britain. In view of this it becomes a matter of some interest to discover just what the most pretentiously learned newspaper in the United States means by "pro-German."

It means, so far as we can discover, anything short of complete fanaticism about the Allies. There are circles of Boston society where the *Transcript* is approved, in which it is pro-German to doubt the smallest item in the most jingoistic utterance of the Allies. It is not only pro-German but it is anti-American. You must not mention the fact that French aviators drop bombs on undefended German cities; you must not believe that the Senegalese are capable of any atrocity; you must pretend that a Cossack troop in a Galician village has a religious respect for the Hague conventions; you must believe that a Russian retreat is a Russian victory. Otherwise you are pro-German. Not only is it necessary to see the "Teutons" as all black and the Allies as lily white, it is treason to civilization for anyone to remember that this war must come to an end, that it must end fairly soon, and that when peace has been made it will still be necessary to live in the same world with the Germans.

We can understand that in England and France there is little time for discrimination. Those nations are in a desperate struggle, and their fury has a considerable military value. But for the *Transcript* in comfortable Boston, for well-fed people in American cities to indulge in these orgasms of hate is nothing less than mischievous stupidity. It destroys whatever usefulness they might have in this supreme contest, and the hurt which they have inflicted on American prestige is incalculable.

By their utterances, quoted in the European press, they have given the impression that America accepts the Allied cause without question. Naturally Europeans ask why we're not fighting if that is the way we feel about it. If the right and wrong of this struggle are so clear, then only cowards would stay at home and curse over the dinner table. If everything that counts in the world is concentrated in the cause of the Allies, then we ought to be fighting in Flanders, not making money in Boston.

But is the *Transcript* urging our government to enter the war? Not at all. The *Transcript* is urging us to hate the Germans; the *Transcript* is parroting the wisdom of British recruiting speeches; the *Transcript* is ready to pour out a torrent of someone

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else's blood and someone else's treasure, and the *Transcript* is ready to fight this war of civilization from the side-lines. It talks as Frenchmen whose country is invaded have a right to talk, and it talks as the Belgians who have paid the price have every justification for talking. And what does it propose to do? To crush German militarism with British and French lives, contribute a little money to the Red Cross, send a few ambulance units to the Allied fronts, and publish articles about the wickedness of the Germans. The ignominy of it is fathomless.

And anyone who does not imitate the *Transcript* is pro-German. Now we happen to have a different conception of America's duty in this war, a conception which seems to us more useful and more honorable. The American people do not intend to take part in this war. They had no share in the diplomacy which led up to it, and their long habit of isolation found them unprepared for any adequate judgment on the issues involved. They might have been dragged in over the Lusitania, but it would have been a *coup de force,* not by a democratic decision.

Since we do not intend to become a belligerent, we ought to have the decency not to talk and think like a belligerent. With a whole world at war there are plenty of other activities open to a powerful neutral. There is first of all the relief of suffering—in which we have done miserably little. Our per capita contribution to Belgium, for example, is a great deal less than that of Australia. But more important than that is the task of keeping alive in the world the light of reason. We should be at the moment a clearing-house of fact and opinion, a trustee of all the sanctions which bind men together.

It is not for us to egg Europe on to hate and more hate. It is for us to be insisting at all times that whatever wrong the Germans have done, no revenge can right it. We should be standing against the uselessness of hate, against the insanity which proposes to atone for a crime by committing more crimes. Then we should be in a position to serve Europe. Then we should be able to contribute to the terms of peace. It is for us to hold fast the idea that the principle of the settlement must not be punishment but the firm organization of Europe.

Just because it is hard to forgive the Germans, we as neutrals ought to be insisting on it. It is not that Germany doesn't deserve moral condemnation. It is that too great things are at stake for any such trivial attitude. Our hearts and minds must be set on the future, and that future is desperate unless there is everywhere a willingness to forget and a readiness to make adjustments. It is a difficult attitude to hold, perhaps an impossible one for a people at war. But the moment we decided not to spend our lives on the battlefields of Europe it became the only course which Americans could in honor maintain.

Playing Germany's Game

THE NEW REPUBLIC has been sharply criticized for an article in its last issue entitled "War at Any Price," in which it was urged that the facts of the military situation had come to make the terms of a possible treaty of peace a remunerative subject of discussion. We have been accused of playing Germany's game. The strategy of the German general staff, it is said, has become almost exclusively political. The German army is being used not as in the beginning, for the purpose of breaking down the armed resistance of its enemies, but for the acquisition of territory to be used in bargaining for peace. By negotiating in the Balkans with a force of 300,000 men instead of with diplomatic agents, the Germans have gained a political advantage over their enemies far more important than the military success. They have become, for the time being, the dominant power in the Balkans, and if this position can be secured to them in the treaty of peace they will have gained the best part of what they may have expected to gain by bringing on the war. Having accomplished their political object, they naturally wish to stop a war from which they can gain no further substantial benefits; and to this end they are appealing to the strong sentiment in favor of peace among the neutral nations. No opponent of German aggression should connive at the successful use of these tactics. Their political victory has not changed the underlying facts of the military situation. They have over-extended their military lines in the effort to secure a political advantage, and it only remains for the Allies to seize the opportunity offered by this subordination of military to political strategy. This they can certainly accomplish by continuing the campaign throughout another summer. Until the armies of the Allies have proved that the military position of the Germans is far weaker than their political position, the friends of the Allies should neither talk nor think of negotiations for peace.

The foregoing criticism evades the real edge of our contention. We do not argue that the Allies should make a peace with Germany based upon the existing military occupation by the Germans of Allied territory. We only argue for the recognition of one all-important truth—the truth that the treaty of peace, whenever and however it comes, will be the result of inconclusive military operations, and must be wrought by a process of bargaining and mutual adjustment. To insist upon the discussion of the terms of a possible treaty does not mean that the discussion is expected to produce an immediately successful result. Probably no statement of terms could be obtained from Germany under present conditions sufficiently favorable to become the basis

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of a tentative conference. For the time being any discussion of a treaty of peace in the Allied countries must still be subordinated to the necessity of a staunch and relentless prosecution of the war. But admitting the improbability of an early agreement, and not only admitting but insisting on the virtue of continuing to fight rather than of permitting Germany to get away with her booty, the time has none the less come for candid discussion of a satisfactory basis of peace negotiations.

In this, as in so many other respects since the war began, the Allies need to consult the Germans as to the best way of running their business. When the Germans brought on the war they expected to win a decisive victory and to be in a position within a year to impose their own terms, at least upon France and Russia. They have failed, and ever since Russia refused last summer to accept a separate treaty they have realized their failure. Hence their strategy has become political rather than military. They are fighting at the present time not with the expectation of dictating terms of peace, but with that of making the best possible bargain with their adversaries. The lesson that the Germans have learned the Allies must also learn. Although the Allies will in the future have the advantage possessed in the past by the Germans of a preponderance of munitions and men, the task of crushing their enemies will be beyond their power as it was beyond Germany's. They can improve their military position, but only at a cost of money, suffering and bloodshed which will disintegrate the very fibre of their national lives. They must continue to fight, but must not neglect to count the cost. They must follow Germany's example and subordinate military operations to practicable political purposes. But just as soon as their strategy is determined by political rather than exclusively military purposes, the treaty of peace which may result from their partial or complete success becomes a reasonable and a profitable subject of discussion.

Unless we are much mistaken, the military policy of the Allies is already being determined by the intention of occupying territory to be used in the negotiations for peace, rather than by the expectation of breaking down the armed resistance of their opponents. Can any other meaning be attached to the news that they have decided to dispatch a large army to the Balkans? After the Russian defeats of last summer the only region in which a decisive victory can be won is the western front; and the only effective method of winning on that front is to concentrate practically the whole military resources of France and Great Britain on the stupendous task of wearing down German resistance. If they have decided to send a large army to the Balkans, where they fight under enormous disadvantages as compared with northern France, only one inference is possible. It is an acknowledgment that after the disappointments of last September they no longer expect to do more than exercise a more or less severe pressure on the German army in the west. Once again they have been obliged to accept the German initiative and allow their adversaries to dictate the grand strategy of the war. They will certainly attempt to push the Germans back in northern France, and they may meet with some measure of success; but the dominant issue which is now being fought out is whether Russian or German influence shall predominate in the Balkans, and the immediate prize is the accession to the Allied cause of Greece and Rumania. Thus the strategy of the Allies is actually beginning to be determined not by the expectation of breaking down German resistance but by specific political objects; and military insistence on these objects constitutes in itself a preliminary discussion to a treaty of peace.

Those who insist that the belligerent governments declare specifically what they expect to gain by continuing the war are thus supported by the logic of the military situation. The strategy of both groups of belligerents is no longer adapted to the object of subjugating their enemies. The Germans have revealed their consciousness of the change by ceasing to pretend that their army is the advance agent of a beneficent German Kultur. But Englishmen and Frenchmen still talk as if they represented a form of civilization which could be promoted by the opportunity of imposing their own terms on Germany. They are deceiving themselves. The best that an army can do for civilization is to defend it. German militarism has been a danger to Europe because German civilians permitted the political policy of the country to be determined by the amount and the efficiency of its armaments. They allowed the ruling class to seek the conversion of military efficiency into political supremacy. This was a baleful ambition, made palatable to the German conscience by the fantastic pretense that other nations would be improved by having a dose of German civilization forced down their throats. Influential Frenchmen and Englishmen are now in serious danger of repeating Germany's error, of playing Germany's game, not for her but after her. In so far as they insist on continuing the war at any price they are allowing their policy to be controlled by the supposed supremacy of their armaments. They are proposing to crush Germany chiefly because, as they believe, they have the power to do so, and they are wrapping up an ambition almost as inimical as that of the Germans to the peace of Europe, in pretensions and meaningless phrases about the future of civilization. The increasing demand for specific terms of peace is not more than

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an obvious inference from the rule that even nations at war should subordinate the use of armaments to an explicit and attainable public policy. It implies a reassertion of the controlling influence of public opinion on the policy of nations, and unless such an influence is vehemently and uncompromisingly asserted, all the sacrifices and bloodshed called forth by the war may avail nothing to fertilize the growth of a better community of nations.

Simple Faith

IN an exalted moment Tennyson once exclaimed that kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood. This was a fine thing to say and it would be a poor task to impeach it, but there are times when another plank would seem to be needed in the human platform.

If a man has kindness and sincerity, the poet seems to imply, what more can you ask? Anything else does seem like painting the lily. But the case of the kind and sincere is not so simple. It is a sad fact that in dealing with errant human beings it is an immense inconvenience if they happen to be kind and sincere. Men who are wanton and evil are comparatively easy to deal with. Once establish their base motives and it is a pleasure to lock them up and chop off their heads. But the minute it appears that a misguided person is sincere and worthy, complications set in. The Lord save us from the estimable miscreant. A good man gone astray is the most troublesome man alive.

With most people it is assumed that if a man is kind and sincere he cannot be misguided, and if he is misguided he cannot be kind and sincere. But neither assumption is sound. It is not only true that people go astray who are good. It is equally true that people are good who go astray.

It may disgust the ordinary man to have it said that cannibals are simply religious, like blue-nose Presbyterians. He cannot endure the moral discomfort of such a paradox. He insists on regarding cannibals as bloodthirsty knaves. You may know any number of cannibals personally. You may assure him that, in spite of their dietetic peculiarity, they are positively ideal in their home life, paragons of religious conviction. He will not tolerate you. He will suspect that you are making a plea for your secret cannibalistic inclinations.

But the real difficulty is not that people can be good who go astray. It is that people can go astray who are good. This difficulty is created by the fact that it is necessary to fight them. Believing them kind of heart and completely sincere, the natural thing is to veil or condone their error. It takes considerable imagination to remember they are good and yet attack them for going astray. If a man has never lived among cannibals it is easy enough to denounce them. The same is true of the man who has never lived among Presbyterians, or Doukhobors, or single-taxers, or Tammany men, or high-tariff men. But the difficult thing is, having lived among them, having got to like them personally, to realize their point of view, their kind heart and complete sincerity, still to believe them deeply and shockingly wrong. Spanking one's own child is a pleasant pastime compared to opposing a really fine man who is whole-heartedly in error. As was said before, a good man gone astray, whether cannibal or *verslibrist,* is the most troublesome man alive.

This reflection is made the sharper on reading a small book by Mr. Edward Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* a book entitled "Why I Believe in Poverty." To those who hate poverty as they hate deformity or disease, this title will at once be arresting. It will sound about as attractive as a title saying, "Why I Favor Whooping Cough" or "Why I Advocate Glass Eyes." It will probably lead them to remember their misgivings about the *Ladies' Home Journal,* to recall with pleasure what one observer said of such journals: "excellent in workmanship and deficient in intelligence and substantial originality. What is encouraged and cultivated is adroitness of style and a piquant presentation of commonplaces. Harmlessness, not to say pointlessness, and an edifying, gossipy optimism are the substantial characteristics." The first impulse on reading "Why I Believe in Poverty" will undoubtedly be a desire to demolish Mr. Bok.

But if one has charity for the kind heart and simple faith of a cannibal, why not for the kind heart and simple faith of Mr. Bok? In our opinion he is an excellent example of the good man gone astray, not to be maligned on that account, and equally not to be condoned.

In this little book, published in the Riverside Uplift Series ("uplift" is now a catchpenny word), Mr. Bok tells us of his own hard climb out of poverty. He speaks unaffectedly of his stern early experience, of daytime work as an office-boy, evening work as a reporter, and stenography studied into the night. "It meant effort, of course, untiring, ceaseless, and unsparing, and it meant work, hard as nails." But having climbed up and out, Mr. Bok exults in his adventure, "the greatest blessing in the way of the deepest and fullest experience that can come to a boy."

For think of what Mr. Bok believes he can ascribe to poverty—he ascribes himself, and more than this can no man. "Out of the effort and the work," he confesses, "came the experience; the upbuilding; the development; the capacity to understand and sympathize; the greatest heritage that can come to a boy." Out of the material Mr. Bok of-

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fered to it, poverty seems to have carved a result that someone feels is very satisfactory. Do you wonder it appeals to Mr. Bok?

But when a man argues from his personal experience that poverty has made him what he is, God be thanked, he erects on a somewhat wobbly basis a somewhat questionable idol. Were all small boys deported at an early age to the North Pole, it is probable that those who managed to get back to Philadelphia by foot would have had another deep and full experience. But the story would not be complete unless it included a choice collection of bleaching bones. And in this liberal prescribing of poverty for childhood, Mr. Bok omits several essential factors. His own was a poverty somewhat accidental and amateur. It was grim but it was not chronic. He did not inherit a tradition of helplessness, odium and resignation. He was born of well-to-do parents who had happened to lose their place. It is probably this, and his hasty inferences from it, that leads him to applaud the retention of poverty as a moral gymnasium for boys.

Mr. Bok assumes lightly that every boy can find his own way out of poverty. "No one told me. No two persons find the same way out. Each must find his way for himself. That depends on the boy." It is flattering to believe that it does depend on the boy, but the brutal fact is that the ways are few and tortuous. Economists will tell Mr. Bok exactly how few. He himself struck a way. He was the kind of boy who had a particularly sharp pecuniary ideal, the kind of boy who could get two cents a glass for a very weak and profitable concoction of lemonade. But it is not necessary to study Serbia or Russia or Italy to become sceptical about the "undisguised blessings" Mr. Bok speaks of. Start the Bok boy working against poverty in Louisiana or Georgia or mountainous Kentucky and see if he will pipe the same tune.

It is not extraordinary that Mr. Bok feels as he does about poverty. Men who succeed as he has done tend to make a distinction between the self-made and God-made man. But in belittling the handicap of poverty in the light of his own achievement, Mr. Bok provokes questions as to the substance of that achievement, as do all men who take prominence for eminence. Let him not exalt the conservative forms of society too much, the forms under which and by catering to which he has made good, or he will start people asking whether he is selling a weak but profitable concoction of lemonade.

There is virtue in Mr. Bok and the *Ladies' Home Journal,* for all his philistine nonsense. But he is bound to do a great deal of harm if he veils in soft fog the hard realities of poverty. He has not added sufficient headwork in this instance to his "kind heart" and "simple faith."

A Stale Congress

ALL of the Representatives and one-third of the Senators who assemble at Washington on Monday were selected a little over thirteen months ago. They were nominated for office perhaps fifteen or sixteen months ago, and their "booms" were started before war had broken out in Europe. Only an antiquarian knows what were the issues on which these men were put into office. Whatever the issues were, they were not the issues about which these men will legislate. The net result is that our representatives come with a mandate from the people approximately as direct as that of Rip Van Winkle when he emerged from Sleepy Hollow. They are to make laws for a condition of affairs which was hardly imagined when they were chosen. They emerge from the Sleepy Hollow of American isolation.

They will have to deal with "preparedness." When they were chosen, preparedness was not a political issue. Only a very few people thought in terms of world relations. Almost no one mentioned a shipping bill. Yet this Congress will spend much of its time over a shipping bill. The significance of industrial organization as the essence of national power had not been brought home even to Englishmen. Since this Congress was elected the thought of most intelligent Americans has undergone a radical revolution. Congress faces the results of this revolution: it has to deal with issues concerning which it has received no instructions. The only instructions it has are at least thirteen months old.

And in four months or so the presidential campaign will have begun. In eleven months these Congressmen will face another election. Let those who enjoy guessing guess how much time this Congress will be able to spend not trying to play politics. And then let them recall that after many of these Congressmen are beaten in November, 1916, they will meet in a short session and legislate as lame ducks. Could the ingenuity of man devise a more absolutely unrepresentative system?

The long thirteen-months wait means that the country has forgotten the issues on which Congress was elected. The short space which intervenes before another election means that Congress must keep election considerably in mind. The lame duck session is government in its most irresponsible form. There is no reason but force of habit and a certain amount of political convenience which prevents Congress from assembling by the January following its election, and there is no excuse whatever why the short session should not be abolished; yet this obvious and sensible change will probably take years to achieve. And so instead of a government in which legislation follows election, we have the inverted

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process by which it precedes election, or ignores it. The arrangement is a direct incentive to insincerity, for the promises which won votes thirteen months ago are forgotten, and the promises which will win them eleven months from now are supreme.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

MR. Henry Ford's peace trip has aroused violent resentment in America since the day it was announced. Men laugh at it with helpless anger. They regard it as humiliating. They want to break something at the thought of it. Yet there is hardly one of Mr. Ford's opponents who doesn't long for peace, and hope secretly that America may help to bring it about. Something in the protests seems a little too loud. May it not be that we are shouting at Mr. Ford because he has done us the inconvenience of revealing some of the American character a little too baldly? Is our indignation like that of the man making faces at himself in a mirror?

The first fact about Mr. Ford is that he is a very rich man. Whatever he says is therefore sure of a hearing in America. We have always acted instinctively on the theory that golden thoughts flow in a continuous stream from the minds of millionaires. Their ideas about religion, education, morality, and international politics carry weight out of all proportion to their intrinsic importance; and though we have not admitted that riches make wisdom, we have always assumed that they deserve publicity.

This automatic obeisance to wealth is complicated by our notions of success. We Americans have little faith in special knowledge, and only with the greatest difficulty is the idea being forced upon us that not every man is capable of doing every job. But Mr. Ford belongs to the tradition of self-made men, to that primitive Americanism which has held the theory that a successful manufacturer could turn his hand with equal success to every other occupation. It is this tendency in America which instals untrained rich men in difficult diplomatic posts, which puts business men at the head of technical bureaus of the government, and permits business men to dominate the educational policy of so many universities. Mr. Ford is neither a crank nor a freak; he is merely the logical exponent of American prejudices about wealth and success.

But Mr. Ford reveals more of us than this. He reflects our touching belief that the world is like ourselves. His attitude to the "boys in the trenches" is of a piece with his attitude to the boys in the Ford plant, kindly, fatherly, and certain that Mr. Ford knows what is best. His restless energy and success appear as a jolly meddlesomeness. He gives his boys good wages and holds them to good morals. He is prepared to do likewise for the boys in Flanders and around Monastir. Why shouldn't success in Detroit assure success in front of Bagdad? If Mr. Ford is unable to remember that all men are not made in his own image, it is not strange. Have Americans ever remembered it? Has our attitude towards the old world ever assumed that Europe was anything but a laborious effort to imitate us?

Mr. Ford serves as a reminder of another amiable trait in our character, our belief in the absolute validity of moral judgments. We have never taken much stock in the theory of Socrates that the good man to be really good must really be wise.

> "Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
> There you hev it plain an' flat;
> I don't want to go no furder
> Than my Testyment fer that;
> God hez said so plump an' fairly,
> It's ez long ez it is broad,
> An' you've gut to git up airly
> Ef you want to take in God."
> (*The Biglow Papers*)

These verses were written by an American about the Mexican War of 1845, but they express Mr. Ford and Mr. Bryan to-day. They go no further than their Testament, and what they will not see is that you have to go further than your Testament if you are ever to realize the principles which it embodies.

In common with most Americans Mr. Ford believes that evil can be eradicated by the spontaneous recognition of it. "The two notes that will be sounded," says Mr. Ford's secretary, "are faith and moral suasion." Oh, America! home of Christian Science, of blue laws, of the Sherman act, of letter-writing diplomacy, of moral indignation, of "prosperity" and "sunshine," of prohibition and Billy Sunday and the new freedom and the promises of the Republican party. We are too good for this wicked world.

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My View of Segregation Laws

IN all of my experience I have never yet found a case where the masses of the people of any given city were interested in the matter of the segregation of white and colored people; that is, there has been no spontaneous demand for segregation ordinances. In certain cities politicians have taken the leadership in introducing such segregation ordinances into city councils, and after making an appeal to racial prejudices have succeeded in securing a backing for ordinances which would segregate the negro people from their white fellow citizens. After such ordinances have been introduced it is always difficult, in the present state of public opinion in the South, to have any considerable body of white people oppose them, because their attitude is likely to be misrepresented as favoring negroes against white people. They are, in the main, afraid of the stigma, "negro-lover."

It is probably useless to discuss the legality of segregation; that is a matter which the courts will finally pass upon. It is reasonably certain, however, that the courts in no section of the country would uphold a case where negroes sought to segregate white citizens. This is the most convincing argument that segregation is regarded as illegal, when viewed on its merits by the whole body of our white citizens.

Personally I have little faith in the doctrine that it is necessary to segregate the whites from the blacks to prevent race mixture. The whites are the dominant race in the South, they control the courts, the industries and the government in all of the cities, counties and states except in those few communities where the negroes, seeking some form of self-government, have established a number of experimental towns or communities.

I have never viewed except with amusement the sentiment that white people who live next to negro populations suffer physically, mentally and morally because of their proximity to colored people. Southern white people who have been brought up in this proximity are not inferior to other white people. The President of the United States was born and reared in the South in close contact with black people. Five members of the present Cabinet were born in the South; and many of them, I am sure, had black "mammies." The Speaker of the House of Representatives is a Southern man, the chairmen of leading committees in both the United States Senate and the Lower House of Congress are Southern men. Throughout the country to-day, people occupying the highest positions not only in the government but in education, industry and science, are persons born in the South in close contact with the negro.

Attempts at legal segregation are unnecessary for the reason that the matter of residence is one which naturally settles itself. Both colored and whites are likely to select a section of the city where they will be surrounded by congenial neighbors. It is unusual to hear of a colored man attempting to live where he is surrounded by white people or where he is not welcome. Where attempts are being made to segregate the races legally, it should be noted that in the matter of business no attempt is made to keep the white man from placing his grocery store, his dry goods store, or other enterprise right in the heart of a negro district. This is another searching test which challenges the good faith of segregationists.

It is true that the negro opposes these attempts to restrain him from residing in certain sections of a city or community. He does this not because he wants to mix with the white man socially, but because he feels that such laws are unnecessary. The negro objects to being segregated because it usually means that he will receive inferior accommodations in return for the taxes he pays. If the negro is segregated, it will probably mean that the sewerage in his part of the city will be inferior; that the streets and sidewalks will be neglected, that the street lighting will be poor; that his section of the city will not be kept in order by the police and other authorities, and that the "undesirables" of other races will be placed near him, thereby making it difficult for him to rear his family in decency. It should always be kept in mind that while the negro may not be directly a large taxpayer, he does pay large taxes indirectly. In the last analysis, all will agree that the man who pays house rent pays large taxes, for the price paid for the rent includes payment of the taxes on the property.

Right here in Alabama nobody is thinking or talking about land and home segregation. It is rather remarkable that in the very heart of the Black Belt where the black man is most ignorant the white people should not find him so repulsive as to set him away off to himself. If living side by side is such a menace as some people think, it does seem as if the people who have had the bulk of the race question to handle during the past fifty years would have discovered the danger and adjusted it long ago.

A segregated negro community is a terrible temptation to many white people. Such a community invariably provides certain types of white men with hiding-places—hiding-places from the law, from

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decent people of their own race, from their churches and their wives and daughters. In a negro district in a certain city in the South a house of ill-repute for white men was next door to a negro denominational school. In another town a similar kind of house is just across the street from the negro grammar school. In New Orleans the legalized vice section is set in the midst of the negro section, and near the spot where stood a negro school and a negro church, and near the place where the negro orphanage now operates. Now when a negro seeks to buy a house in a reputable street he does it not only to get police protection, lights and accommodations, but to remove his children to a locality in which vice is not paraded.

In New Orleans, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis —indeed in nearly every large city in the South—I have been in the homes of negroes who live in white neighborhoods, and I have yet to find any race friction; the negro goes about his business, the white man about his. Neither the wives nor the children have the slightest trouble.

White people who argue for the segregation of the masses of black people forget the tremendous power of objective teaching. To hedge any set of people off in a corner and sally among them now and then with a lecture or a sermon is merely to add misery to degradation. But put the black man where day by day he sees how the white man keeps his lawns, his windows; how he treats his wife and children, and you will do more real helpful teaching than a whole library of lectures and sermons. Moreover, this will help the white man. If he knows that his life is to be taken as a model, that his hours, dress, manners, are all to be patterns for someone less fortunate, he will deport himself better than he would otherwise. Practically all the real moral uplift the black people have got from the whites—and this has been great indeed—has come from this observation of the white man's conduct. The South to-day is still full of the type of negro with gentle manners. Where did he get them? From some master or mistress of the same type.

Summarizing the matter in the large, segregation is ill-advised because

1. It is unjust.
2. It invites other unjust measures.
3. It will not be productive of good, because practically every thoughtful negro resents its injustice and doubts its sincerity. Any race adjustment based on injustice finally defeats itself. The Civil War is the best illustration of what results where it is attempted to make wrong right or seem to be right.
4. It is unnecessary.
5. It is inconsistent. The negro is segregated from his white neighbor, but white business men are not prevented from doing business in negro neighborhoods.
6. There has been no case of segregation of negroes in the United States that has not widened the breach between the two races. Wherever a form of segregation exists it will be found that it has been administered in such a way as to embitter the negro and harm more or less the moral fibre of the white man. That the negro does not express this constant sense of wrong is no proof that he does not feel it.

It seems to me that the reasons given above, if carefully considered, should serve to prevent further passage of such segregation ordinances as have been adopted in Norfolk, Richmond, Louisville, Baltimore, and one or two cities in South Carolina.

Finally, as I have said in another place, as white and black learn daily to adjust, in a spirit of justice and fair play, those interests which are individual and racial, and to see and feel the importance of those fundamental interests which are common, so will both races grow and prosper. In the long run no individual and no race can succeed which sets itself at war against the common good; for "in the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim."

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.
September 13, 1915.

A Prussian Monument

IN Germany, on a cold cloudy Sunday morning early last December, I went with a fellow American and a delicatessen clerk from Berlin to a lonely Prussian village, the clerk's home town, from which about eighty men and boys had already gone to the front. One of them, his cousin, had been killed in France. Word of the death had been sent home, and now the little village was to have its first war funeral.

We left our train at a small station in a bleak flat country of wide fields of snow and mud. Only a few trees here and there and one distant windmill broke the desolate skyline. We walked for some miles down a muddy lane and so came to our destination. The village was a small affair of sixty or seventy houses, most of them of brick and white plaster. They looked to be about fifty years old, just modern enough to be ugly. Most of them straggled along the main street which was a slough of water and mud. Above were heavy wintry clouds blown by a slow icy wind from the north.

Our guide took us first to his father, who ran both the savings bank and the general store of the village. We found him in the rear of his store, in a small stuffy dwelling-room which was but half heated by a stove. He was a harsh old Prussian. As he talked he was racked again and again by long fits of coughing. On one of the book-shelves behind

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him I noticed a set of Walter Scott translated into German, and I wondered what tide of feeling for England had ever brought those volumes here. He had no love for the English now. He kept looking at us with suspicion. Might we not be English spies?

"The war will not be over," he said, "until we land in England. They were our brothers and they have betrayed us, and we and our children will never forget. One boy has gone to the front from every house in this village, and now my nephew has been killed. But never mind. If every one of these eighty boys are killed and wounded we shall send eighty more to the front. We shall win this war, be sure of that. Our country is stronger than ever before. Every village is like this—prices the same and life going on as it always does. There is plenty of food here, plenty."

He rose abruptly. "Well," he said, "it is time for our dinner." He opened the door which led to the street. Our friend the young clerk from Berlin protested. We heard them arguing as we went out.

Near by we found a forlorn little inn where we made a wretched meal of thin greasy soup and some cold meat and cabbage. Then we went out to the street again and walked up and down the muddy side path waiting for the funeral. Just below us the street ended in a small village commons with a few trees and benches. In the middle rose a monument, a stark granite column with a brazen eagle overhead. Close by was an old Lutheran church, a long low building of gray stone with a heavy square tower at the front.

Life stirred in the village. Old men in queer-shaped tall silk hats began gathering on the commons. Most of them wore medals. With their gray-bearded faces harsh and set, these old Prussian countrymen looked what they were, shrewd hard-working farmers who had spent their entire lives struggling with a stubborn soil and had wrung a living out of it. Some had fought in France as boys and now their sons were fighting. More kept straggling in from the narrow side lanes, and a few came who were middle-aged, until in the group on the commons there must have been about fifty. Then I looked them carefully over and counted five young men in all.

Some women and children had gathered now, but they had formed a group of their own which kept to the other side of the street. Everyone was silent or spoke only in low voices. At times it was so quiet you could hear the branches of the trees rustle and scrape in the gusts of wind. I buttoned my ulster tighter.

A few women in black approached slowly. In their midst an old woman and a young one, both in deep mourning, walked side by side. They went into the church. The bell began tolling. Presently three men arrived, each bearing an iron funeral wreath. Meanwhile up the street came an enormous man with a broad white band across his chest. I took him for the burgomaster. With him came a thin old man with a white mustache. At sight of the latter all the men formed in a line. He faced them for a moment, stiff and rigid, then he issued some sharp orders, and at once the group set off marching down the street to a house not far away. After a time they came marching back with a large black-eagle Prussian flag. They went into the church. With the women and children we came behind.

The church was a cramped narrow place. On both sides were galleries of ugly varnished yellow wood. At the front was a high raised pulpit with a picture of Christ on the wall. The Prussian flag stood beside it. It was bitterly cold in here. Little gusts of chill air came sifting in through every crack and crevice. In the stiff comfortless benches around me everyone sat motionless. The only sign of life was the constantly bobbing head of one small boy in a gallery, who kept peering down eagerly over the rail.

The organ began playing. It played a few slow opening measures, and then the old men in the five front rows began to sing in harsh voices. In this freezing holy place I could see the breaths of the women around me, and these small whitish clouds of breath began to grow unsteady, as if those who breathed were shaken by chills. A girl to my left, sitting rigid and silent, kept pressing her handkerchief to her eyes.

The old men finished their singing, and the pastor in his long black gown rose and began his brief address. He spoke of the boy they all had known, of his boyhood in the village, his life in school, his work, his coming marriage. He spoke of the girl sitting here in the church, "widowed before her wedding," and of the mother of the boy, and of the body that lay in a grave "in a hostile foreign land." Thousands of such boys, he said, had given their lives for the Fatherland, and hundreds of thousands still must die for the sake of their Fatherland and their God. And this was hard and terrible. But their cause was just. The tiny clouds of breath around me came still more unsteadily now, and I could hear women sobbing.

He finished and began to pray to "the great all-seeing God" for aid against the Russians and against the French and English. When the prayer was over, all began to sing a hymn which since the outbreak of the war had been sent from Berlin to churches throughout the entire land to be used in all such services. "What God does is well done," was the refrain. And as verse after verse was sung by

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these Prussian women and old men, the shivers grew more violent, the chill of the place struck deeper in. Through a window I saw the bare branches of trees beating about in the keen strong wind which eddied in through the old stone walls. And now I heard everywhere sobs and low cries.

At last it was over. We left the church, and on the small village commons outside we gathered on the muddy ground around the granite monument with the brazen eagle on the top. In the granite, on a copper plate, were the names of those men in the village killed in the Franco-Prussian war. Now one new name had been added below. And I thought of many other names that would be placed there one by one, not only in this present war, but perhaps in others later on. For the children of the village, future warriors, were here. With their teacher leading them, solemnly facing the monument they sang in a tone that was like a vow a hymn of praise to the Fatherland. Then from the group opposite the thin old man with the white mustache, who had fought in 1870, came forward and spoke to the people of war. One by one all the men took off their hats and stood with bare heads in the winter's wind, while the stout old woman in black, the boy's mother, hung one of those big iron wreaths upon the base of the monument. After her, with another wreath, a girl who looked almost fainting was half carried forward. She too offered up her wreath and then was borne away through the crowd.

And little by little the others moved off, until on the village commons was left only this granite monument, with the brazen eagle on the top glaring down voraciously upon the wreaths and the copper plate like some grim idol of long ago.

ERNEST POOLE.

Hyphens and Frontiers

MUCH comment has appeared of late on that rift in American opinion which has been summed up as hyphenated Americanism. It is regarded as a serious danger, a real weakness of our world power. There is no question that our dealings with the European situation have been hesitant because of our knowledge that the German-Americans here were a great political power, that although their technical loyalty was on the whole good, their spiritual loyalty was uncertain. For the purposes of the older diplomacy, we were under the weakness of not speaking as " one man." Our sovereignty was not single, and therefore not completely sovereign. Germany undoubtedly knew this and counted upon it—knew that in regard to her we were not a homogeneously patriotic people. She was powerfully represented in our affairs. It was apparent, moreover, that we were sufficiently attached to freedom not to repress the German-Americans by force. We couldn't do what Austria could do with her Serbs in a war with Serbia—draft them off to fight a different enemy and coerce the others with brutal force. We were prepared to pay the price of freedom, and deal with this highly organized provocative minority by democratic measures.

At the same time it has been a strange experience, unlike any that has been known in the world. This is the first period in which a conglomerate democracy has had to exist in a warring world. And the first lesson it has taught us is that it is impossible to remain a democracy and carry on diplomacy by the European model. We cannot play a part in the European world if in order to play that part we have to exhibit an undivided sovereignty. If world politics is to be a game played by eight or nine great Powers consisting of entirely dependable subjects, that game is not our game. Our internal tolerance is a deplorable weakness. The very fact that we have given all nationalities a chance to live at peace on territory as large as Europe, the very fact that we have solved internally the worst inter-racial and international conflicts, unfits us for an aggressive part in the European tangle. We are too much like what Europe might be if it learned to live and let live, for any successful imitation of her diplomacy. We can be imperial only by limiting freedom within—by a policy of coercive Americanization.

We have adopted that policy on the Pacific coast towards the Orient. We have not adopted it towards Europe in any form that provokes the sensibilities of Europeans. The result is that we have a diplomacy depending for its character on whether we look West or East. To Europe we are bound by a thousand ties of kinship and association and interest. We lie open, unorganized, not unanimous, and therefore in the old sense " defenceless." We want peace with Europe at almost any price, for we know that war with Europe would cost too great a price. But towards the East we have set the price of peace in very definite terms. The price is Oriental exclusion. The Pacific Ocean is to-day the only absolutely real American frontier. It is the only frontier behind which an aggressive and united nationalism can be organized. We may omit the Mexican border, because the weak Latin states are too much at the mercy of this country to arouse any deep feeling; they cannot threaten us, we can only

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threaten them; so while we might arouse their nationalism, they cannot really arouse ours. No war with Mexico will ever be described as defensive. American sovereignty is too undisputed for that.

Our foreign relations fall roughly into three groups. Towards the East, especially towards Japan, we have the tone and manners of a great Power. Towards the weaker Latin states we have the attributes of a great Power tempered by a deep and honorable prejudice against imperial expansion; we are not ready to behave as our own position and the European tradition would make us likely to behave. Finally, to the two leading empires of Europe with whom we have important dealings—towards Great Britain and Germany—we are so deeply related that we have no great pretensions to unlimited sovereignty. This is especially true of the British Empire, to which our ties are so intimate that we have come to regard war with it as unthinkable. We say openly that we shall not arm against Great Britain, that we shall not dispute her sea power, that we intend to solve by peaceful means all difficulties between us. The two countries are virtually disarmed against each other. About Germany we are not so certain. Her imperial policy, her diplomatic methods, her national ambitions, have not yet shown themselves equal to anything approaching a disarmed peace. But our ties with Germany are nevertheless close enough to preclude swagger on our part. We have the will to be at peace. Whether Germany has is the open question.

The United States has, in other words, no consistent foreign policy, and no consistent nationalism. The hyphen in American feeling depends upon the frontier which is threatened. The cleavage would be non-existent against Japan, it would not be talked about at all in regard to Mexico, it would be deep against Germany, and infinitely deeper still against England. What this means is that the American people are adapted to a varied foreign policy, requiring different methods towards different Powers. They are not a homogeneous, obedient, drilled population to be wielded in any direction for any purpose. Through no intention of their own, through sheer force of circumstances, the American people are discovering the essence of practical wisdom, which is that only a fool is uniform in his conduct, but that a sensible person must be resourceful in a varied world. The raw material of an enlightened world-policy exists in the fact that our nationalism is not absolute but relative. It is at present raw material and nothing else. The fact has hardly been faced—it has never been utilized.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

The Fearful Greeks

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Daily Mail,* recently returned from Athens to Rome, cabled home that every man in Greece, from the King in his palace to the raggedest boatman on the wharves of the Piraeus, was inspired by one single and common emotion—the emotion of fear. The trouble with Constantine, said this correspondent, is not that he is pro-German, but that he is afraid of the Germans. Coming from a British source this point of view must command attention and respect.

The Greeks have been afraid of the Ottoman Empire for nearly seven hundred years, and since the Balkan wars they have simply transferred their apprehensions in the direction of their neighbor Bulgaria. The correspondent of the *Mail* speaks of a photograph of atrocities committed by the Bulgarians against the Greeks, a photograph shown him by Minister Rhallis. "Do you suppose we wish to run the risk of that again?" the Minister is reported to have said. "Meanwhile," he added, "your ships' guns are levelled at our ports." One cannot help saying, "Poor Greece."

Ten or more years ago there arose in Greece, in that land which fear had ruled for time out of mind, a man who was not afraid. He came from Crete, and his political enemies called him an ex-bandit. His name was Venizelos. "Turn your eyes to the future, not to the past," he said, "or if you turn them to the past, consider the old glories of Constantinople and the Eastern Empire before the Turks. This empire, oh Greeks, shall be *yours* again."

Then Venizelos actually made good his boast—in part. He was aided by the King. He recovered Salonica and much of Macedonia. And always his voice could be heard spurring a half-reawakened Greece to further conquests.

When the war broke out Venizelos attempted to make an arrangement with the Allies, the terms of which are generally believed to have been as follows: Greece was to cede Kavalla to the Bulgarians, and to send an army to the Dardanelles; in return she was to have part of Southern Albania, and what to Venizelos was the most important object of all—the Syrian coast; for the acquisition of Syria meant

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to him the second founding of the ancient Byzantine Empire. But the King was afraid. Equally with Venizelos, the King commands the affection and admiration of the Greeks. Our two great patriots, they say, are Venizelos and the King. One called upon their ambitions, one upon their fears; and it was their centuries-old fears which won the day.

The soldiers and the farmers went to Constantine. "You cannot beat the Germans," said the general staff. "The war will be brought into our own country," the farmers said. So Constantine installed the conservative Gounaris as prime minister of Greece. Venizelos carried the fight to the polls, but he was obliged to say that conditions had changed (the election took place in June), and that he could not be expected to take up the negotiations with the Allies at the point where he had had to drop them. He added, for the benefit of Macedonia, that he would never cede an inch of Greek territory.

The result was a personal triumph for Venizelos, but it was not taken as a demand for war by the King, for it was the islands and the ports which voted Venizelos into power; he got no votes in Macedonia. Moreover, German arms continued to triumph, and every day the general staff became more assured that Germany could not be beaten.

Bulgarian hostilities against Serbia brought matters to a head, and Venizelos mobilized the army. Then the King dismissed him and installed Zaimis, at the first threat of any military operation against the Bulgarians. Of course Greece had entered into a treaty with Serbia whereby she agreed to go to war against Bulgaria provided Bulgaria attacked Serbia. Yet hear what Zaimis said in Parliament—a free premier to the representatives of a free people: "Nous sommes trop petits pour jouer une pareille partie et nous nous dégageons, à cause de l'excès du péril, que nous n'avions pas entrevu en 1913."

"We're too small and it's more dangerous than we expected." Poor frightened little Greece, her fears in the saddle, her word forgotten. No wonder that Venizelos, who made that treaty with the Serbs, refused to support either Zaimis or his successor. No wonder he was sufficiently angry with Constantine to accuse him of having subverted the freedom and honor of his people.

To-day Constantine rules alone—rules Greece as Ferdinand rules Bulgaria. Some say he has always wished it so. Filipesco, the Rumanian, speaking at Jassy in Moldavia, swears that the arrangement for Constantine's arbitrary policy was made months ago, and that John Bratianu was always aware of it and governed Rumania's actions accordingly. No one who does not know it for a fact should say that Constantine has betrayed his people. Perhaps it is true that the King, like the Piraeus boatman, is governed only by his fears. Certainly the Greek Crown Prince—this I have heard from a personal friend of that young man—lived, while in Berlin during the days of his military training, in a constant state of mental oppression and apprehension of all things German. But there is no doubt that Constantine has brought his country to a pitiable dilemma. In trying to placate both sides, he has not succeeded in persuading either to respect his neutrality, nor even to agree not to make Greece their common battleground.

They say, and history may say, that Constantine could not forget Belgium. Yet what will history say of the modern Greeks? That they broke their word to Serbia because they were afraid to keep it? It is more than probable. And after all, has Greece pursued a sensible course, even from the point of view of pure self-advantage? Already the Allies are by their ships' guns trying to force from her the right to retreat and reform on Greek soil. Already the Central Powers are reported to be saying that in that case they will carry the war into Greece.

Future events alone can solve the Greek problem, but there is an old and very true proverb that fear is the worst of counsellors.

GERALD MORGAN.

The Canonization of the Tight-Purse

SINCE remotest antiquity the "tight-purse" has been the butt of the wit, the bane of the man of spirit, the aversion of the moralist. Two thousand years ago Menander set him in the pillory, and the literati and the vulgar together have been shying stones at him ever since. "Money is made to spend"—there speaks a man of sense and humanity. "Take care of the pence"—there speaks a Scotchman, who lets an Irishman pay for the drinks. True, political economy has sought to place the man who saves in a more benignant light. He is the source of capital, and capital is the source of all good things. But the devout adherents of political economy are a very small congregation. They are rare even in the universities. There is a living college president who used to inquire impatiently about faculty members who did not live up to their incomes, "What do they think they are here for? To salt down money?" Monstrous vice, which no other professor but the political economist ever sought to palliate, and even that learned gentle-

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man's apology was made up chiefly of "howevers" and "on the other hands."

The world war is changing all this. From Germany, France and England flow volumes of tales of noble dukes who have dismissed most of their serving men, of princesses who are learning to make their own clothes. Great houses are closed and their owners are compressing themselves into modest apartments. The social motor that formerly exacted expenditure has now been reversed. Each patriotic saver turns a baleful eye upon his neighbor who spends as usual. The display of costly furbelows in the shop windows excites the ire of the right-minded. Somebody must be spending. Import statistics are subjected to a new classification: Class I., gunpowder and bread—lawful and necessary. Class II., furs and feathers, kickshaws and trumpery—scandalous and unpatriotic. Thanks to the British fleet, Germany is not vexed by the importation of luxuries, but England and France are almost ready to make a new kind of contraband out of them—goods that may be sent only to the enemy.

War has been much praised of late by men of iron sentimentality. They affirm that war has swept the fog of convention from the skies and has enabled men to gain a clear vision of reality. So it has. Indeed, economic relations never stood forth in sharper outline. Purchasing power, as we did not before realize so clearly, is command of men. One who disposes of a fifty thousand dollar income is captain of a company of a hundred men, more or less, or of two hundred women. What this company shall do is dependent on his choice. He may use part of them as flunkeys, part to maintain a mansion worthy of his state, part to procure luxuries that exhaust themselves with him and without offering him anything more joyous than an invidious distinction. Or he may direct his company against a foreign enemy, or employ them to improve the equipment and increase the efficiency of the work upon which the civil population lives.

In the easy days of peace there were no qualitative distinctions between income-receiving captains of men. But at a time when the fate of nations is uncertain, it is apparent even to those of blurred vision that the strength of a state depends upon the quality of its pecuniary leadership. The man who spends a large income luxuriously is a captain who leads his company on vain and foolish enterprise when his country is in deadly peril for want of men. The man who spends not at all transfers control of his men to the state in effect. He buys bonds, liquidates foreign debts, or his banker does this for him. The free spender is recognized for what he is, a bad captain, and his name is anathema. The tight-purse appears before an astonished world in the light in which he has always appeared to political economy. It is he who upholds the government; it is he who provides funds transmutable into cannon and the flesh for its food. The tight-purse commands men to die for their country instead of living to serve his selfish pleasure. We bow down to him, and if the war lasts long we shall canonize him.

We are distinguishing now between the bad captains who spend and the good captains who save. We are trying to bring public opinion to bear upon the former, in an endeavor to make them mend their ways. To judge from the lamentations of patriotic Englishmen, public opinion is not proving very effective. Says Sir Gilbert Parker, "Expensive furs are being bought, but, as an affectation of economy, buyers take the tube. A man I know discharged a servant to cut down expenses, but he smokes two cigars at a shilling each every day." More than public opinion is required to reform the free spenders. Coercion is coming if the war lasts.

When the war is over there will doubtless be an efflorescence of luxury and extravagance throughout Europe. But there will lurk in the popular consciousness some traces of the lessons war has taught. The people have recognized that the free spender endangers the state in time of war. They will be slow to believe that he strengthens it in time of peace. It is not he who will repair the wastes of war nor aid in founding a new industrial structure more efficient and more capable of withstanding crises than the industrial structure of ante-bellum days. Formerly only the socialists insisted that luxurious expenditure signified a wasteful application of the productive power of the state. In future the doctrine will be widely accepted, and ominous murmurings will attend the saturnalia of peace restored.

This was not a working-class war. The men who wrought to create the international entanglements that only war could unravel were of the elect. They were hereditary princes and aristocrats, captains of industry, professional diplomats—men, as a rule, of solid economic position, accustomed to dispose freely of large incomes and to win esteem through their magnificence. They will find that their martial enterprise has entailed heavy moral costs to their order. The indefeasible right to do as one pleases with his income will figure among the shattered values. And if this right is restored, it will be chiefly by virtue of the merits of the tight-purse. He alone can save the class of recipients of large income from a popular antipathy that would forebode its ruin. Unless accumulation proceeds rapidly enough under his hands to restore promptly the equipment war has destroyed, the days of the irresponsible pecuniary captain of men are numbered.

TH. EBY.

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CORRESPONDENCE

American Intentions

SIR: Since the appearance of your editorial entitled "Why Do We Arm?" I have been expecting you to deal further with the question you there presented. In that connection, may I suggest the view of some who while not handling directly public affairs, still give anxious thought to the question of increase of the army and navy and to the foreign policy of this country.

You reminded us that the real purpose of a large armed force is not actually to defend our country from attack, but is instead to give us greater power in international affairs. You therefore put the question, "What should be our attitude toward the rest of the world?" In seeking to give at least one reply to that question, let us remind ourselves of a few facts far too easily forgotten.

First, let us remember that we occupy, through no virtue of our own, the greatest extent of productive country that there is on this globe. While many a brave and worthy people fights for a scant living on the sterile slopes of mountains or on disease-breeding lowlands, we drive our gang plows through our rich land and reap an abundant living at comparatively little cost. In material resources we are, without doubt, the richest people on the earth. In everything else that makes life worth living, we are, without doubt, the best provided for, and, I repeat, with little or no credit to ourselves. We live surrounded by liberal traditions the like of which no other people is able even to imagine. Here, in whatever dispute of group, class, or party we may be involved, there is present in most of us the honest desire to discover real justice, the course that will best serve the welfare of all parties concerned. Of no other country under heaven, we fear, can this be said.

Believing that duty is ever imposed by privilege, how should we as a people look upon the question of preparedness for international dispute? What should be our creed in the society of nations? You mention the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door, and in the same breath deplore that neither has any very specific meaning. Are they not merely incoherent gropings toward a statement of faith? The writer cannot say what such a statement of faith in its entirety should be, but surely there are one or two points upon which we can come to an agreement at once.

For instance, do not all the American people believe that each national unit, each group that feels that it is one people, different from others, should be self-governing? Let us see how that idea might be applied. Let the Cubans govern themselves; let the Philippinos govern themselves; let the Belgians govern themselves; let the Bulgarians govern themselves; let the Koreans govern themselves. And so on. You see where it brings us, but is the principle a true one or not?

Then, if equality of opportunity be a good thing within our borders, is it not a desirable thing everywhere? Should not, in every market of the world, an American, a Russian, and Englishman, a German, a Turk, if you will, receive equal treatment? In our business at home we insist that the monopoly shall not squeeze the independent, that the stronger shall not take unfair advantage of the weaker. In international business things are not ordered so.

My plea is not that we rush into international controversy. There will be enough, and more than enough, of that forced upon us. But is it not rational that we as a people should determine beforehand by what principles we shall be guided when we must act upon such questions? When a particular case arises sentiment is generally guided, for lack of a predetermined principle, by the personal interests at stake. National acts which are not always subjects for national pride often result.

If then we arrive at a few such principles, how shall we make them count? By putting what power we have behind them. Some say a national boycott is the proper weapon. Up to the present battleships seem to have worked best. Let us, then, have as many as the purpose demands. Are we too poor to back our beliefs with the instruments that will enforce respect of them?

We must recognize, of course, the manifold difficulties of deciding just what steps to take in any particular case. This is merely a suggestion looking toward an answer to the question, "What should be our attitude, as a nation, in international affairs?" That this is the final answer I do not presume to say, but does it not bear upon a side of the question which THE NEW REPUBLIC might well discuss further?

E. W. DOLCH, JR.

Ames, Iowa.

A Word for Germany

SIR: In a recent review of a book which has evidently excited some favorable interest in America, I notice that THE NEW REPUBLIC has loaned its voice, without of course pledging its opinion, to the pronunciamento that "the East Prussian Kultur of daily life is a backward English culture at a lower stage." The book is "The Pastor's Wife" and the reviewer is Elsie Clews Parsons. I do not cavil at the idea because it is, perhaps, debatable, but it raises the possibility of the presentation of the explanation of the grounds of German Kultur.

Patriotism is sane only so long as it is loyalty to a nation that is progressing. It becomes a folly when it is no more than a blind devotion to a name. When a nation stands beside the anvil and with the wrought iron of a purpose fashions the labored tools which are its national ideals, then that nation is a living force, an honest claimant for a "place in the sun." At the present time there are two strikingly progressive nations, the United States and Germany.

It is a maxim as old as the hedonists that everything in this world is qualified. It is true of little things and it is true in the big. It is not possible for one nation to be universally good, just, honest, pure; because there is present the constant pressure of circumstance and personality. Every nation must, however, work out its salvation either as an onward-pressing, vital unity, relentlessly pursuing the problems that confront it, or else as a contented, hand-folding professor of peace. In this world there can be no peace, there should be none. Bloodshed and that ultimate piece of argumentation, the cannon, will, let us hope, be but historic memories; but never must we relax our eternal vigilance against national sloth, satisfaction or tranquillity.

This world has no gratitude for forces but only for facts. Without remorse it swallows nation after nation, thanking its victims for their contributions, but deaf to their pleas for continuity. That is reasonable; it is just. It is the only way in which to accommodate the undying procession of human activity. That people which, either by its strength or its diplomacy, can hedge itself with divinity, as Hamlet would say, or can with great foresight modulate itself to the ever-shifting demands of time, may dominate

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the stage for a thousand years before it yields the palm. Sooner or later, nevertheless, it must be content to sit in obscurity as it watches some more vigorous actor strut his little piece. To weep at such a downfall is human; to recognize the law behind it is our duty when we form our judgments.

The United States and Germany are the two nations of to-day which stand sponsors for fundamental progressiveness. We do not agree in our programs, and perhaps some of the ramifications are in determined opposition, yet the fact that our wills are bent on improvement indicates that we are nations of the future. It is easier, perhaps, to understand the aims of Germany because she has crystallized her policy, whereas we are still being molded. First of all she stands for order. Into a world that has been the prey of caprice she introduces an iron devotion to system. With precision she attacks the problems of disease, of poverty, of labor, of capital, of government, of religion. She has divined the great Napoleonic truth that most men are sheep ready to follow a shepherd. She has taken up the crook, the symbol of leadership. She emphasizes not the individual, often ineffective, liberty of the Englishman who is apt to value personal prerogative over team play, but rather the mastery of cohesion resulting in a nation which is willing to bend every sinew in its back to lift its burden. That is what is admirable in Germany.

If the following of this scheme were indeed the final destiny of man, then we should be foolish people if we did not do everything possible to thwart Germany's success. But it is not final any more than we as Americans are final. We are both only steps in the great evolution; we are only the rising suns of to-day. To-morrow will come the Slavs or the Chinese or the negroes or the reincarnate Spaniards of South America. But at this moment Germany is on the threshold. She seizes the sceptre which England has so long and so ably wielded. Are we going to allow our sympathies for the peoples to blind us to the towers of fact that rise behind them? Are we going to damn Germany either with faint praise or thoughtless denunciation?

Let us welcome Germany for her merits; let us assail her for her faults, but let us not turn our backs upon her. Out of Prussia, out of Bavaria, will probably come many a good thing which we need. Perhaps the "Kultur of daily life" which Mrs. Parsons smiles at may in time ripen into a new zeal for the obligations and the holiness of marriage, into a renewed reverence for those institutions of intimate living which we are not yet ready to see chopped on the butcher's block of modernism.

J. P. Morgan.

Hawaiian Islands.

Making Copy of the War

SIR: May I suggest to Mr. Harrison Smith that he has replied to my letter without answering it? I did not ask whether he reported the incident as he saw it. I hardly doubted that he did. But the literary imagination clothes things in strange colors. I asked him whether he was satisfied that it was an accurate, comprehensive, well-balanced account. I thought, and do think, that otherwise the article had better not have been written. We must not expect an Englishman or a German to write about things in this war even as he sees them. He will, quite conscientiously, write as he feels, whichever extreme his feelings may carry him. But I think there rests upon the member of a neutral nation a peculiar responsibility to exercise not his sympathy, not alone his power of observation, but first and last a detached judgment. Where else are we to find it? What, in the end, will be more needed? Perhaps if I had any fear of the striking of the balance it would be my duty as an Englishman not to write this to an American paper; but I have none. I have a very strong opinion, though, that loose, excited journalism does little service to those it upholds, does none at all to the general cause of humanity and civilization. It does but set the pendulum of sympathy swinging the more violently.

Not that I so accuse Mr. Harrison Smith. He may believe, too, that I am not trying to score off him; he must forgive me for using his article as a pinhole to ventilate this question. But it is one, maybe, of growing importance, since peace and the consequent need for a settled mind is coming nearer. America is making capital out of the war whether she likes it or not. I have not met, and do not expect to meet, an American who would not gladly hand back his profits and double his profits if by so doing he could bring the war's end nearer. I believe there is much to be gained and a danger, though but a negative danger, to be avoided if American journalists will, whenever possible, forbear to make mere copy out of the war now.

H. Granville Barker.

New York City.

Critic, Plaintiff, Judge and Jury

SIR: I was much surprised that "Q. K." in your issue of October 30th should have so completely missed the point in his review of "Quinney's." Even so, I might have passed it by but for his unbecoming flippancy in asking whether his bewilderment at the turn of events was a sign that his own mind had become poisoned by much playgoing, or whether Mr. Vachel, the author, was guilty of introducing a clumsy and inartistic device in order to inject an element of surprise into the story. That "Q. K." should raise the question only to declare Mr. Vachel guilty, and himself a person of sound mind, is decidedly a one-sided performance. I would not say what kind of poison affected "Q. K.," but his understanding was undeniably clouded on the night he assumed the combined role of plaintiff, judge and jury.

"Q. K." was as surprised as Quinney himself that James, the foreman, did not turn out to be the scoundrel that Mr. Vachel made us, for a time, suspect that he might be. But had "Q. K." asked himself how it happened that Quinney so consistently misjudged all those around him, he would have discovered the key to his bewilderment, the very central theme of the play, namely: that concentration upon things dulls the power of observing and judging persons. Quinney has been for years absorbed in his "sticks and stones," as his wife repeatedly tells us. Thus he fails to observe his daughter's new frock, but at once pronounces her new necklace a fraud. He glories in his antiques, but misjudges his daughter, his foreman and his typist. To emphasize the theme, Mr. Vachel introduces a parallel series of events into the story through Quinney's failing eyesight, culminating in his purchase of the eight half-Chippendale chairs. Quinney is obliged to resort to spectacles, much against his will, for he believes, or wants to believe still in his power to judge things, just as he believes in his power of judging persons. But having used his new glasses, and being secretly delighted and amazed at his clearer vision, the author now prepares us for a similar transformation in Quinney's moral vision, and such is the course of events. Instead of being puzzled, "Q. K." should have admired the skilful manner in which the parallel themes are carried out to their conclusion. "Q. K." does say that the shop-interest and the love-interest are cleverly blended, but it is

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most remarkable that he did not see that there was a connection in the two stories which was the very framework of the play.

D. Paul Musselman.

New York City.

Prefers Demonstration to Cheers

SIR: On reading Mr. Hiram K. Moderwell's excellent well's ability arguing in favor of ragtime that it "has a place in the affections of 10,000,000 or more Americans," and retorting to a critic with the *argumentum ad hominem* that he who sees in the fondness for it a debased taste, and in the class which entertains this taste an inferior class, is a "snob." Would Mr. Moderwell offer the comic supplement to a painter as a model because it has a place in the affections of some 10,000,000 or more Americans? Would he seek literary standards among the best sellers, or dramatic ones among the Broadway hits? And can we not prefer Bernard Shaw to Augustus Thomas, H. G. Wells to William de Morgan, William Vaughn Moody to Ella Wheeler Wilcox, without being snobs? If all who try to substitute the qualitative standards alone relevant to art for the quantitative ones so widespread in this country are to be called snobs, their obvious retort will be that they would rather be "snobs" of this sort than sheep whose only rule is to follow the herd.

If Mr. Moderwell, instead of hurrahing for ragtime, would examine the case on its merits, as a man trained at Harvard and writing in The New Republic ought to do, I think he would see that there are two sides to the question. That there are musical possibilities of a high order in ragtime no one can deny who knows Dvorák's experiments with it, not to mention Mr. Chadwick's, Mr. Henry F. Gilbert's, and others. That its rhythmic vigor is American in the best sense, and will in the future inspire fine work, I personally do not for a moment doubt. But associated with this nervous energy is an itch for mere stir-about, for epileptic twitching and jerking, which is almost more characteristic, and which is but the musical aspect of that unthinking restlessness, that demand for superficial excitement, which is the curse of our national temperament. In speaking of the "nickel thrillers" dear to the same millions of readers who are the patrons of ragtime, an editorial writer in the current number of the Outlook says: "These books . . . are a form of cheap whisky. They not only intoxicate, but they destroy the tissues of the brain and contribute to the fostering of that lack of discipline which is shown in every department of life in the United States.... These cheap stories do not stimulate the imagination; they dissipate and waste it, and so destroy the greatest power with which boys and girls are endowed. They relax the attention to such a degree that it is impossible to hold the attention of their victims except by what are called thrills. 'A thrill a minute' is a phrase not uncommon in theatrical advertisements and is highly significant of the widespread relaxation of brains and will in America."

When we consider that the formula of ragtime is essentially "two thrills a beat" we cannot but realize that its power of jading the attention for less highly galvanized stimuli is fraught with danger for our appreciation of simpler, sincerer, more thoughtful music. Mr. Moderwell may none the less have good reasons for believing that its merits still outweigh its dangers. But he owes it to himself to defend these merits by analyzing them, not by counting their devotees or calling their critics names.

Daniel Gregory Mason.

New York City.

Extols Ragtime Article

SIR: On reading Mr. Hiram K. Moderwell's excellent article on "Ragtime" in your journal a few weeks ago I immediately thought that some person would address you in your columns and attempt to take Mr. Moderwell to task for claiming that ragtime is a typical American expression.

I see that my thought was correct. Mr. James Cloyd Bowman, in your issue of November 6th, finds "confusion of thought" in Mr. Moderwell's article. I should be happy to have him point out just where this "confusion" lies, as I have read the article very carefully and am unable to find it. The fact that Mr. Bowman, at some time in his career, asked "a famous artist to express in music the most immoral feeling possible" and that "the famous artist" in response whistled a bit of ragtime, seems to me to be poor proof that ragtime is not typical of America's bustling life. Mr. Moderwell treated his subject in the article under discussion with veritable mastery and I have heard many persons who are vitally interested in this country's music speak of the article in terms of high praise. Ragtime is American and no one can prove that it is not. It expresses something that we feel; to be sure, it is not lofty in its theme. It may be, for all I know, "music of the feet." But what of that? It surely has a greater justification for existing than have turgid symphonies by some of our pedantic musicians, symphonies which have in them nothing of the breath of life, but are purely calculated affairs, brought into being to satisfy their perpetrator, who feels that he *must* write a symphony.

I would also like to correct Mr. Bowman when he says that "so long as some people remember that America has produced men like Greeley and Bryant, Emerson and Hawthorne, Phillips Brooks, MacDonald, Damrosch and Muck." Mr. Damrosch was born in Germany—I take it that he refers to Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor of the Symphony Society—so was his brother, Mr. Frank Damrosch, and Dr. Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony, also first saw the light of day in that land which our especially neutral citizens enjoy calling "Barbaria," the land which in music has given the world Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner.

A. Walter Kramer.

New York City.

This Still Gullible Age

SIR: The apparent irreconcilability of the methods of accumulation and of spending practiced by the philanthropic millionaire as exemplified in Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., seems, from your editorial of October 2nd, to be causing some confusion in your mind. Does not this discrepancy, however, resolve itself, under a closer analysis of apparent underlying motives, into one of method only? When the various activities involved in this spending are stripped of the technique and the phraseology of modern science, and detached from the personalities of their agents, how do they differ in essentials, and above all in aim, from those familiar not only to the nineteenth but to many preceding centuries? The endowment of hospitals and of educational centers controlled by the donors and labeled with their names, donations for palliative and relief work, even to the spreading of the Gospel (only of bodily instead of ghostly health) to China, where do these reflect, as you say they do, the actual, constructive strivings of our undoubtedly "younger and better" (but still how gullible!) age?

Charlton Ellis.

New York City.

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After the Play

HAVING heard that "The Unborn" is a drama which exploits in a way calculated to create a favorable impression, certain practices which a very large number of people look upon as "the greatest and most pernicious and dangerous peril of our times," Cardinal Farley requested the present Commissioner of Licenses in New York City to stop the play. The Commissioner acceded, and then a judge granted the producers a temporary injunction against him. The play was produced Monday evening at the Princess Theatre.

If the Cardinal and the Commissioner had not taken part in the performance, "The Unborn" might be put aside as a dull play based on pseudo-science and confused in its own good intentions. The scene is the home of a young couple just returned from their honeymoon. They are happy except for the fact that the wife has a morbid fear of bearing a child. There is insanity in her family, and she herself drinks too much wine. She must not have children, she must not, she must not. Enter Billy, the doctor whom she jilted. Jilting has been good for the doctor's character, for his goodness and wisdom pervade the room. Will Billy tell her how not to have children? Billy, being a stage doctor, will not tell her, though she is obviously rich enough to be told. So the young wife grows dizzy, and Billy the doctor goes out murmuring significantly "nausea in the morning."

Jeff, the husband, comes in and quarrels with his wife over the abstract question of children. He shouts and she faints, and his mother tells him that "Yes ... thank God".... The wife overhears this terrible news, and as soon as she is alone telephones to Billy the doctor asking him whether he will do her the very greatest favor. The second act is twenty years later, and it is clear that Billy the doctor didn't, for there is now an epileptic son named Lenox. He is a rather gruesome young man who presses home the lessons of eugenics for two acts by trying to burn up a poodle dog and choke his ex-fiancée. He kills himself in the end.

The intention of the author was to argue that women should know how to prevent the conception of unfit children. This is what the Cardinal objected to. He didn't say that the play was rather a bore. He didn't object to the backstairs science which assumes that if a mother hates an unborn child that child will hate her when it grows up. He didn't object because there was a single incident in the play which wasn't rigorously decent. For "The Unborn" is not the kind of play from which people go forth to a life of sin. They are far more likely to shiver and go home. No, what the Cardinal objected to was not that the play makes sin alluring, but that it makes certain statutes based on certain ecclesiastic taboos rather unpleasant to the imagination.

But what I should like to know is how Commissioner Bell's mind worked in this crisis. New York will stand a good deal on the stage. Any night you can see almost any kind of immorality made attractive; crooks, swindlers, get-rich-quick men, are, on the whole, the heroes of the contemporary American drama. In "The Birth of a Nation" we tolerated a spectacle so poisonous to good will that one wonders whether there is any gallantry left in our democracy. We have endless farces devoted to getting drunk, walking into the wrong apartment, waking up in the wrong bed. But when a group of serious men and women want to discuss the future of the race in a solemn and uninteresting way, the church says nay, and the state submits.

The most interesting part of the evening was a short speech by Dr. Haiselden of Chicago. It was a delight to discover that he is utterly incapable of making a speech, that whatever else he may be he is not a talking doctor. He was most horribly uncomfortable standing up before an audience. His speech came in squirts, for he had tried to memorize it, and it made him tired to have forgotten so much of it. Everybody loved him because he couldn't find where he was in his typewritten manuscript, and his stiff kid gloves kept him from turning the pages. He is a tall angular American, all homespun and no lace. He looks as Senator La Follette might look if he lengthened out and ceased to be an orator. But what Dr. Haiselden said I do not remember. It seemed at the time a jumble of superb sincerity and extreme unworldliness. Yet the man aroused immediate trust and affection, because he is part of the authentic virtue of America. When he said that he wanted the Americans to be a virile people, not a nation of degenerates, you could almost smell the background of corn and hogs and sober piety which he had in mind.

Dr. Haiselden said enough on Monday night to make one wish that he would be very sparing in his public utterances. He has not the sophistication to find his way through the tangles of publicity. He is one of those sincere, shrewd men, so common in America, who are insensitive to people of a different psychology. Dr. Haiselden has clever enemies, and traps will be laid for him.

W. L.

VERSE

The Room Over the River

Good-night, my love, good-night;
The wan moon holds her lantern high,
And softly threads with nodding light
The violet posterns of the sky.
Below, the tides run swift and bright
Into the sea.
Odours and sounds come in to us,
Faint with the passion of this night;
One little dream hangs luminous
Above you in the scented light;
Roses and mist, stars and bright dew
Draw down to you.
How often in the dewy brake,
I've heard above the sighing weirs,
The night-bird singing for your sake
His lonely song of love and tears;
He too, sad heart, hath turned to rest,
And sleep is best.
Flower of my soul! Let us be true
To youth and love and all delight.
Clean and refreshed and one with you
I would be ever as to-night,
And heed not what the day will bring,
Nor anything.
And now the moon is safe away,
Far off her carriage lampions flare,
Lost in the sunken roads of day,
They vanish in the icy air.
Good-night, my love, good-night,
Good-night.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

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Books and Things

ONCE an aged man from Salt Lake City, after listening to the story of my life, countered by telling me the story of his. He said one thing that I remembered. When a boy at college he earned money in his vacations by being a waiter at summer resorts. During the summer after his sophomore year he became so proficient in his art and gave so much satisfaction that a man from Utah asked him to spend the next vacation at a large country place. "All that summer I waited," said the autobiographer, "and the dinners were many and large. The family was numerous. Although the incessant talk was evidently successful I never found it funny or even interesting, and used to wonder how these people could stand it. But later in life, when I was no longer a waiter, when I had become intimate with this same family, and had even married a few of its members, when I sat in the very chairs I had once stood behind, I found the talk most acceptable. The jokes that once had flattened themselves against my ears became good jokes. Queer thing, isn't it?"

Very likely I thought it rather queer at the time, for I hadn't then read the cases Bergson uses as illustrations, in his book on Laughter, of the law by which A, who is inside a given circle, laughs or weeps at things which leave B, who is outside the circle and therefore only an overhearer, quite unmoved. See for example the story of the French peasant who sat stolid through a funeral, although the preacher made everybody else cry, and who said simply, when asked why he wasn't crying too, "I don't belong in this parish." I was reminded of this story, which I'm not sure I've quoted correctly, a few days ago, on a sleeper from Chicago to New York. Two or three sections ahead there was an elderly New Yorker with a clear voice and leisure to use it. He was talking to a young man who sold typewriters in Duluth. "We have flattered ourselves," said the New Yorker, "that the barbarities of the wars of two or three thousand years ago would not be repeated at the present time because of the elevation of the sentiments which during the last century or the last half century have generally obtained. We have flattered ourselves that enlightened diplomacy as practised by those statesmen of various nationalities who are known as diplomats had devised certain general propositions known as international law which would prove adequate to the task of restraining what was left of those barbarous impulses which we have partially inherited from our ancestors within certain fixed or shall I say measurably fixed bounds." Here a passing freight put out all other noises. The young man from Duluth drew a cigar from his pocket. "Shall we go and smoke?" he asked, when the freight was over. "I no longer smoke," said the New Yorker. "The sensitiveness of my nervous organization has compelled me to discontinue the practice." Naturally I expected the younger man to make a break for the smoker, but he didn't. For three-quarters of an hour more he sat tight, his cigar in his hand, and listened while that endless New Yorker talked on about the war. The Duluth young man was really attentive. "I have been very much interested," I heard him say. "You've made a wonderful study of this subject. I appreciate it very much."

When at last the young man took himself off, and the car was as quiet as a car can be, I had leisure to reduce the incident to law. The best I could do was this: Had I been sitting in the same section with the elderly New Yorker I should have been as interested in his talk as the young man from Duluth was. Had the young man from Duluth been in my section and merely overhearing he would have been neither more nor less bored than I. For convenience, you see, I am assuming that the young man and I are interested by the same things and bored by the same things, that the only difference between us was in our geographical position in the sleeper. Unless one makes assumptions like this it is sometimes hard to find in what happens illustrations of the laws one has read about.

In the evening, however, after the young man from Duluth had gone to bed, I came upon a truth slightly different and I think more important. While the porter was making up my berth I sought asylum in the smoker, where two stricken passengers, weary and kindly, were listening to the New Yorker's talk: "This war may perhaps be described most aptly as a war of attrition, a term that does not seem to be generally understood. Attrition signifies the using up of a nation's store of men and money and food. It is derived from a Latin word which means to diminish by rubbing. Bearing this in mind, I can interpret the action of Bulgaria only by supposing her statesmen are convinced that the progress of the German arms will have been sufficient to bring about a peace which might be called favorable to the Central Empires before that process of attrition or lessening by rubbing away has reduced Germany's supply of money and food and especially men to a point where she may be compelled to make peace upon terms more favorable to the Entente powers in order to avert a disaster which, if we estimate its effects upon the domestic economy of the great Teutonic Empire, might well be deemed irretrievable. In other words, I can interpret Bulgaria's action only by attributing to her titular or actual leaders a belief either that this process of attrition will operate in a sense more favorable to Germany than to the Entente Powers or else that the process which if allowed to proceed uninterruptedly might well exhaust the resources of Germany at a date anterior to the ultimately inevitable exhaustion of her opponents will nevertheless be interrupted by some decisive military achievement on the part of Germany's forces in the field."

After he had gone to bed one of his hearers said to the other, with bitter gratitude: "That's over, thank God!" And by dint of a little meditation I perceived that the reason I had been less bored than they by the old gentleman was that they were more directly exposed to his fire, that they had now and then to make signs of interest, while I could lie back and be as inattentive as I pleased. That the feelings of A, inside the circle, are more acute than the feelings of B, who is outside, is true no matter whether these feelings are of pleasure or of pain—this truth became clear when I looked back to the sleeper, thought of the young man from Duluth, and called my feeling not the opposite of his but merely less pleasurable. Next morning I heard the old gentleman at it again. "That doesn't seem to be generally understood, but it's like this. You are a wheat merchant in Minneapolis. I am a miller at Liverpool. . . Re-discount under our new or federal reserve system. . . . Since the amount of gold shipped to the United States from foreign countries during the past year is in excess of three hundred millions, and therefore approaches without quite equalling the amount of the original. . . ." But I didn't look at the young man from Duluth, so I don't know what law he was illustrating.

P. L.

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Husband and Wife

These Twain, by Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

WHERE Arnold Bennett achieves greatness in his conscientious fiction is in his resolute fidelity to common human beings as they are. In one American novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," there was a full anticipation of his method and spirit, but it is difficult to find anywhere else another complete example. Greatnesses of a different order, greatnesses which cannot be compared, are to be found in Mr. Bennett's contemporaries, but he above the rest has mastered the art of preserving in fiction the color, the tone, the flavor, the odor, the surface, of provincial urban usualness. Such usualness has been approached in varying moods by numerous English and American novelists. Moore and Gissing have attempted it. Frank Norris and Henry Fuller and Edith Wharton have come at it. It has been part of the problem of every modern bourgeois novel. But no one has succeeded as well as Arnold Bennett in giving it comprehension and proportion. What it is, this routine bourgeois life, most of us know only too well. It is immensely that familiarity which breeds disregard. But so powerful and miraculous is art that as soon as this life is presented to us by one to whom it has appealed, presented with acute and exquisite fidelity, it becomes poignant and beautiful. No matter how the thing in itself may estrange us, no matter how we may despise and rage at its conditions, we are enabled by the artist to come into full understanding of it, and we are grateful to the core of our being for the honesty that retained every tedium, every banality, every inadequacy, for our understanding. To give the sanction of art to the nobility of human nature is precious, but it is no more precious than to bring into the sanction of art the unremitted commonplace. For it proves that there is no such thing as commonplace, that where there is truth there must be beauty.

And in his account of the married life of Edwin Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways Mr. Bennett has adhered to the veracity that implies beauty. No one who read "Clayhanger" or "Hilda Lessways" could suppose that the truth of their marriage would be romantic. It is not romantic. It is, in the conventional sense, desperately unromantic and disillusioning. But it is full of an assuaging comprehension and an illimitable tenderness. To be tender over unusualness is possible to almost every imagination. Women who tritely accept tuberculosis in negro tenements can weep with Stevenson over the lepers. Men who are bored to death by the hardships of scrubwomen can blaze with sympathy for a prostitute. Sedentary people of every description are exalted at the thought of war. But it needs genuine imagination to remain responsive in despite of repetition and custom, and this imagination Mr. Bennett possesses. The younger novelists strive as a rule to present situations that are complicated by some piquant irregularity —an illicit lover or two, a brilliant youth horridly addicted to heroin, a millionaire disciple of the I. W. W., and other exciting exhibitions of the orchid in Kansas. But the material that Mr. Bennett takes is the material of disregarded and unsensational lives, showing by the aid of his devoted imagination the depths in the stuff of which those apparently ordered lives are made.

To those who met Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways before, the task of depicting their union seemed formidable. Hilda Lessways was an inexplicable creature, and in marriage she was bound in some degree to be explicated. The limitations of Edwin, on the other hand, presaged an attitude as husband which could hardly fail to impede that swinging step. And then there was the child. Could Mr. Bennett domesticate Hilda in the Five Towns without losing her magic? Could he sustain without wearying us the patient chronicle of confined and dutiful lives? For some, perhaps, the answer will not be favorable to Mr. Bennett. Admitting, as all must admit, the incomparable resources of his intimacy, the triumphant fertility of his invention, there will be readers to miss in Mrs. Edwin Clayhanger the impetuosity and glamour of the girl whom Edwin loved from afar. These readers will question whether Hilda is the same Hilda. They will believe that somewhere, somehow, Mr. Bennett's divination has faltered. For my own part, I am not sure. The flagrance which permitted Hilda to deviate from Edwin without a word—that flagrance which he was once so falsely represented as accepting entire—seems to disappear into her character unelucidated, and with it some of her salience. She began as mountain torrent. The sweep of her personality in marriage is the sweep of a channelled stream. That a woman of such brilliant and dashing gesture should so subside, that she should attune herself so readily to a marriage so signally without ultimate confidence, is a great deal to concede. That there should be so few attempts at ultimate confidence is, perhaps, too much to concede, especially as the marriage is rather unwittingly concentrated on the standpoint of the man. But the change seems to me for the most part greatly credible. Hilda's taming, her acquiescence, seems to me very much "like life."

"The fact was that she had married him for the look in his eyes. It was a sad look, and beyond that it could not be described. Also, a little, she had married him for his bright untidy hair, and for that short oblique shake of the head which with him meant a greeting or an affirmative. She had not married him for his sentiments nor for his goodness of heart. Some points in him she did not like. He had a tendency to colds, and she hated him whenever he had a cold. She often detested his terrible tidiness, though it was a convenient failing. More and more she herself wilfully enjoyed being untidy, as her mother had been untidy.... And to think that her mother's untidiness used to annoy her! On the other hand she found pleasure in humouring Edwin's crotchettiness in regard to the details of a meal. She did not like his way of walking, which was ungainly, nor his way of standing, which was infirm. She preferred him to be seated. She could not but regret his irresolution, and his love of ease. However, the look in his eyes was paramount, because she was in love with him. She knew that he was more deeply and helplessly in love with her than she with him, but even she was perhaps tightlier bound than in her pride she thought."

So far from knowing Hilda's mind about himself, Edwin goes through a long and harrowing process of what is euphemistically known as "adjustment." And the complementary process is necessitated for Hilda not so much on account of her ignorance of Edwin's processes, though that is profound, as on account of the exactions of her contrary will. Judged by some marriages, this conflict may seem unusual. There are persons who inform you that never in their married life have they heard a cross word. But, outside such feastings on angel-cake, sharply and touchingly typical is the Clayhangers' alternation between sacrament and sacrilege. Not by words do the Clayhangers reach comprehension. Hilda is curiously more ready to surrender her body than to surrender her mind. She never foregoes

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a hard consciousness, "it's each for himself in marriage, after all." But apart from this rather unusual articulation of the warfare that is marriage, she and Edwin represent with extraordinary accuracy the permutations of allied but rival purposes—purposes which can no more be made identical than the weather which favors oats can be made identical with the weather which favors corn.

One thing I miss in Hilda—her sexual consciousness outside marriage. One thing I vainly expected in Edwin—jealousy. Even of the resurrected George Cannon he is not apprehensively jealous, merely fiercely instinctive that Hilda shall not see him. One thing I wondered about—that Hilda and Edwin did not have a child. One thing I disliked—that Hilda "padded" about her bedroom. But that last is the pathos of things as they are.

If Hilda and Edwin were not set in the community of the Five Towns, the provincial England of 1892, the peculiar richness and thickness of their veracity would be infinitely less powerful. But Mr. Bennett has revived with mastery our sense of that community, and restored it to us in new significance because his perception and his charity are more mature. The death of Auntie Hamps alone appeared to me a lapse in artistic intuition. It was too reminiscent of unforgetable reflections in "The Old Wives' Tale."

Whether Hilda proves less liberating than one expected, or Edwin more frustrated, "These Twain" completes with great success a drama for which many must have trembled. There are things about "These Twain" that seem fuzzy—the delineation of Tertius Ingpen, for one, and the business capacity of Edwin. But on the whole there is a power and security of characterization that is incontrovertible, and an amplitude of incident so natural and so significant that the sense of life never departs. Whether one regards the amusingly accurate idiom of young George, the picture of Trafalgar Road or of Dartmoor, the flashes of anger or of passion, "These Twain" is the product of a searching and just susceptibility to the tone and movement of life.

The gratitude that is due to any real artist is great, but the gratitude due to an artist who adheres to life in its common motivation seems to me exceptional. The very sensitiveness that makes a man an artist tends to confine him to those situations which engage and indulge his sensitiveness. Because the world of gross and urgent action, of common necessity, is hostile to the spectator, the spectator easily becomes hostile in return. But Mr. Bennett is a spectator who has retained a beautiful sympathy for motivations and susceptibilities alien to the artistic type. He has transcended interest in "ideas" and purposes to spread human nature before us. It is a triumph of disciplined fictive imagination, a triumph both of artist and man.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

A Model of Social Investigation

Scientific Management and Labor, by Robert Franklin Hoxie. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

OF the unsolved problems of economics the most difficult and the most urgent are those that pertain to the relations between productive efficiency and industrial democracy. The hiring and firing system, so greatly admired by old-fashioned individualists, offers a considerable measure of efficiency, but at a heavy sacrifice to democracy. The worker whose living can at any moment be taken away from him may be spurred on to put forth his maximum energies, but he cannot retain the independence and individuality essential to a citizen of a real democracy. The old-line trade union, with its insistence upon fixity of tenure and collective determination of wages and tasks, may successfully defend the worker against the tyrannical whims of the employer or his agents, but it does this at an admitted cost in efficiency, a cost that may prove intolerable in the end.

Scientific management, according to its enthusiastic apostles, offers a means of reconciling efficiency and democracy. It increases output, not through driving, but through a delicate readjustment of industrial functions which presupposes the hearty coöperation of men and management. The new system increases wages, but not by any arbitrary method. Science itself, as everywhere impartial, determines what the pay shall be. These are large claims, and they are disputed almost in toto by most representatives of organized labor. Scientific management, according to the conventional labor view, is fatal to labor organization. It reduces the laborer to an abject dependence upon the whim of the employer, and subjects him to a driving process more effective than any other ever devised by the exploiters of their fellow-men.

These conflicting opinions are obviously built upon prejudice and class bias. Fortunately they can be submitted to the test of experience. They have actually been submitted to this test, through the investigations of Professor Hoxie and Messrs. Frey and Valentine, conducted under the auspices of the Commission on Industrial Relations. The results of this investigation, now published by Professor Hoxie, are exceptionally important, not merely because they throw more light upon the question at issue than any other published work, but because they represent a distinct progress in the technique of social investigation. Professor Hoxie and his associates have recognized the supreme value of impartiality, as few social investigators have done. And the completed work, though packed with positive conclusions, commands the full assent of the three investigators, although they entered upon the study with very divergent preconceptions. Mr. Frey, editor of the *International Molders Journal,* represented the labor view; Mr. Valentine, industrial counsellor, represented employing management, and Professor Hoxie himself represented the academic interest.

The first task of the investigators was to secure an authentic statement of the views of organized labor on the one hand, and of the scientific managers on the other. This involved the preparation of a questionnaire, the monumental character of which is indicated by the fact that in its final and abbreviated form it occupies over one hundred pages of text in Professor Hoxie's book. By a thorough analysis of the material, the views of labor and capital were reduced to concrete vital points at issue—some two hundred and fifteen—and these were grouped and recombined to make a definite statement to which the representatives of labor and of employing management could register adherence or dissent. This is obviously a most laborious process of fixing the scope of a social investigation. What it insures is that all the questions raised by the persons most vitally interested will be given consideration. Contrast the usual practice among investigators. A scholar sets himself such questions as may occur to him, without the slightest regard to the fact that they might not seem important to anyone else, then strives diligently to answer his own questions. If he succeeds in this enterprise he feels that he has made a contribution of general value, although he may really have achieved nothing more important than the slaking of an idiosyncratic curiosity. Professor Hoxie has sought to introduce objective standards for determining the relevancy of concrete inquiries. It is his endeavor to subject scientific curiosity to social

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control, in order that investigating energy may be confined to work that promises to be fruitful.

With their method thus determined, Professor Hoxie and his coadjutors proceeded to a study of scientific management as actually applied. They collected material among employers and employees in a large number of representative establishments and subjected it to rigorous scrutiny. From the results of this inquiry several conclusions of importance stand out clearly. Scientific management works remorselessly toward specialization, toward the breakdown of crafts, toward the creation of a virtual interchangeability of workmen. It is therefore inimical to any kind of unionism that is characterized by a monopolizing strategy—and this means to practically all traditional unionism. Scientific management has made good its claims as to productive efficiency. The output of industry can be vastly increased through its devices. It has nowhere reached the limit of effectiveness; change may almost be said to be of its essence. Old-style collective bargaining, which sought to fix the unit of work as well as the unit of pay, cannot thrive under a system in which the unit of work is in constant flux. Indeed, it is not apparent how any kind of collective bargaining can be made to work under scientific management. Nor is there solid substance in the claim of scientific managers that wages may be removed altogether from the realm of bargaining and be fixed according to impartial scientific laws. None of the so-called scientific systems of determining wages stands the tests of reason and experience. The assertion of scientific managers that each man is naturally assigned to the highest paid work he is fitted to perform, and that thus the problem of promotion is solved, is shown to have very little foundation in practice. Scientific management at its best is not employed as a means of increasing the exertion of the workers beyond a reasonable limit. But it can be used as a system of driving—something its champions usually refuse to admit.

Professor Hoxie is a vigorous critic of scientific management, but by no means an unsympathetic critic. He recognizes in it a force of great potentiality for increasing the output of industry, and he holds, with most careful economic investigators, that increasing output is essential to the solution of the problem of poverty. Scientific management, like labor-saving machinery, is therefore in the line of progress. But just as labor-saving machinery proved to be something very far from an unmixed blessing, so scientific management is not without its peculiar menace to labor. If it is indeed incompatible with collective bargaining—as seems to be clearly demonstrable—it will eventually put labor organization to a severe test of readjustment.

Professor Hoxie's book will serve as a concrete instance of what might have been expected from the Commission on Industrial Relations. Here is a real contribution to our knowledge of industrial relations. No one can read the book without gaining a new insight into the possibilities for good of a new industrial force. Nor can anyone escape the conviction that it is a force requiring close attention and control, if it is not to yield evil as well as good. For one such study we thank the Commission on Industrial Relations. But there are many other fields of inquiry that might have been so surveyed. Twenty studies like Professor Hoxie's might have put a new spirit into our economic thought. It is true that such investigations would have commanded little space in the daily press, and their results would have reached the millions only after a lapse of time. On the other hand, results thus solidly established would be in no danger of utterly disappearing, leaving popular thought and public policy practically unaffected.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

What is College For?

College Sons and College Fathers, by Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.20 net.

Through College on Nothing a Year: Literally Recorded from a Student's Story, by Christian Gauss. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

ON the modern undergraduate world Mr. Canby throws some light and much kindliness. Of all the efforts made by teachers to-day to understand the raw material under them, his seems the sincerest. His most illuminating statement is to the effect that college education in this country has not been as successful as college life. It is this contrast between the primitive and ephemeral values of college life and the permanent cultural values of college education which provides the text for these ten papers on modern college problems.

Mr. Canby's good-humor is mildly tried by this spectacle which he sees of well-mannered, well-meaning American youths whose one serious pursuit is group-conformity, and who receive what their professors offer, with the puzzled politeness of men who are willing to suffer a little unpleasantness for the sake of the benefits of the larger experience. Pretending to acquire "knowledge in droves" is surely a small price to pay for the privilege of a four years' life of "playing on the teams, competing for social honors, living in happy haphazard in dormitories, and sharing in the vivid, strenuous activity that surges in and out of an American college." It is the consciousness that this life is not at all what the college pretends to be that depresses the spirits of Mr. Canby; but he can do little except elaborate this contrast.

The book would be better if its author were more of an ethnologist. He would then see the undergraduate world more objectively as a very primitive culture of its own. The predominance of athletics means the idealizing of prowess; the struggle for social honors means the primitive idealizing of blood and family; the incorrigible loyalty means the herd-instinct which canonizes conformity and ostracises difference. "To be lazy, to be over-studious, to be dissolute, to be spendthrift," he tells us, "is to offend in some subtle or obvious fashion the spirit of loyalty." This is too kind. What these really offend is that sheep-like gregariousness of adolescent human beings whose infantile will-to-power has been tamed and civilized, but who have not yet met those challenges of the world which would bring out their individualities. Adolescence is the age either of fiery dislocation and expansion, or of a pitiful subjugation to the group, the crawl back to what Mr. Canby most euphemistically calls "the approval of their classmates." The real indictment of the American college is that it provides a social atmosphere so incomparably seductive to this gregarious crawl. The college is sequestered from action and from exciting appeals of the outside world, and the students become a timid herd, engaged primarily in following the norm of what the majority can do most easily. A terrific centripetal force is created, and everything which does not yield to it comes to seem in their eyes eccentric, weird, contemptible. The undergraduate world is really a primitive clan society; it can be changed only in the way that all primitive societies are changed, by smashing the "cake of custom."

To idealize this herd instinct and call it loyalty, as Professor Canby does, is simply to play into its hands. It is loyalty that is the real enemy. Jeer at it, discredit it, and you have liberated undergraduate energy for the mani-

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fold interests to which you wish to entice it. Shatter the virtue of loyalty to your college and in your college, and you have neutralized that centripetal force which draws the mass to the mediocre norm. As long as loyalty to college life is considered a virtue, you will get little loyalty to college education. They are unalterably opposed. Students cannot be taught to think when their minds are glued together. These are rudimentary truths, but Mr. Canby, in his attempt to find for the undergraduate all the credit of his virtues, seems to have unluckily fallen upon the very quality which is at the root of his defects.

An unexpected corroboration of the fact that it is college life rather than college education which our colleges provide, comes from the anonymous story of a Princeton student who went through college "on nothing a year." It is hard to share the complacency of Professor Gauss, who recounts in a preface his pleasure and satisfaction at the story. This is a human document indeed, but one that raises more questions than it answers.

The boy tells how he was lured to college from a New Jersey slum. "I imagined that every man in college was a big athlete. I had a notion that they were all great strong fellows, all over six feet tall, because the only pictures of college men I had ever seen were pictures of athletes." With this vision he descends on Princeton without a cent, passes an insufficient number of examinations, but stays about until he is admitted on probation. Working like a slave he clings to college, and in many ingenious ways earns his living and continues through the course. His cheeriness and pluck are admirable, but they are all the virtues that can be found for him.

What makes one squirm in reading this story is the almost cynical way in which the supposedly illuminating influences of the college have been shed. Princeton is supposed to be a place where the cultural values retain their pristine vigor. Yet here is a youth who confessedly passes through not only quite untouched by them, but with the smiling endorsement of distinguished professors and alumni. The narrative is painfully banal. One would take wholehearted pleasure in racy slang, in the crude expression of a forceful individuality. But the expression of this document is stale and cheap even below the talent of the average undergraduate. There is not only not a single phrase which suggests distinction in any rugged, racy sense, but there is not a phrase which suggests that the author has been for four years in contact with the persons and intellectual material that the college offers.

Never has been expressed with such naïve frankness exactly what one "gets out" of the modern college. "This place has been one grand recreation," our hero says. "As I look back at it now I feel I got a good deal out of it. Most of it didn't come from books. To me the greatest thing was learning how to talk and deal with my fellow men, and the opportunity which I have had of meeting fellows from all walks of life and all parts of the country in the friendly and intimate way which I never could have enjoyed otherwise." All the use he found for these opportunities, apparently, was to make himself a good salesman. In the normal course of life he would have gone into factory work. He was fit for the next rung of the social ladder, that is, for the refined peddling known as salesmanship. That training a business school could have given him in half the time. If the college is to believe, with the complacent Professor Gauss, that it has performed a high and worthy mission when it has given crowds of young men "business training, independence, and confidence in myself," it will simply have abdicated its place as a formative life for intellectual background. This "independence," it must be remarked, was not intellectual or social independence. There are many revealing incidents in the story of the boy's efforts to learn the rules and toe the social mark. He was there to learn how the herd acted, and how it could be placated. College life meant to this boy the slow jacking-up of himself to the very mediocre norm of conventional behavior. In this process every native trait that he might have had was squeezed out. What seemed to him a "rise in the world" was in reality an absorption into a herd. And though the strain which his poverty put upon him made his case exceptional, his story is only an exaggerated instance of the process which thousands of youths, rich and poor, are going through in their college life.

From a chronicle like this one gets a sense of wasted energy, almost of tragic failure. Quite apart from his financial circumstances, the whole texture of this boy's thought and attitude places him as a type of the uncollegeable. What we all want the college to be is a life where for youth of all social classes the expressions of genius, the modern interpretations of society, and the scientific spirit, may become imaginatively real. We want the student to get a fused and assimilated sense of the world he lives in, in its length and breadth, its historical perspective and social setting. This chronicle is about a mind that, like multitudes from every social class, was simply unbrushable by these considerations or attempts. No human document ever more pointedly posed the question, "What is the college for?"

R. B.

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Two New Novels

Plasher's Mead, by Compton Mackenzie, New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

"PLASHER'S MEAD" had been announced, hyperbolically enough, as an "idyll"; yet I was hardly prepared the other night to see a member of the older generation sitting down to it as to a good old-fashioned love story. "Carnival," "Youth's Encounter" and "Sinister Street," with their gall and wormwood of youth's experience, had received anything but a cordial welcome in that arm-chair—and now I actually heard Mr. Compton Mackenzie's latest compared to "Henrietta Temple," Disraeli's nineteenth century romance. What under heaven had the war done to the younger English novelists? As the reading progressed, however, I perceived a growing disappointment: Guy and Pauline were obviously not to live happy ever afterwards in what the advertisement called "the perfect setting of an incomparable English landscape." No, as I soon discovered, not even the rose-bloomed radiance of the maiden, not even the wan caducity of "Plasher's Mead" itself—these terms, please note, are the author's own—nor the luteous air of evening, nor the froreness of morning, nor the sirenian nature of the moons could save the novel from a pathological conclusion. Love's young dream ends in an attack of nerves.

It would—under the circumstances described. Indeed, the only possible artistic excuse for drawing out this exceedingly slim tale is that the very length impresses on the reader's nerves the strain of a sentimental courtship and engagement prolonged through two years of constant companionship. In real life, the subtle change in the relation which is here analyzed with such preternatural cleverness would probably have come sooner, even with a gay-hearted, innocent young girl like Pauline Grey, whom Michael Fane describes as a faery's child.

The characterization of the unworldly rectory household is the best part of the book. The three sisters, Monica, Margaret and Pauline, with their nursery teas and their trios and their so different natures; the absent-minded Rector, whose mind is all on his bulbs; Mrs. Grey, with her "charming, charming," and her casual attempts to pilot the young lovers through the drift of their dream—these people have genuine individuality, though they are familiar enough. Guy's father, too, the dry-as-dust British schoolmaster whom one has also met before, is very successfully sketched. The lack of understanding between him and the spoiled Balliol youth with his exquisite tastes, his first editions and his insistence on poetry and love as a career in life, could hardly be better conveyed. The elder Hazelwood was "epistolary even in his speech," and when he spoke in protest Guy was "all the time, as it were, tearing him into small pieces and dropping them into the wastepaper basket."

But it is remarkable that a writer so perceptive about human relations as Mr. Mackenzie frequently proves himself, a writer so responsive to youth's emotions and so sensitive to external beauty, should show such execrable taste in the use of plain English. One fears that Mr. James's suggestion that he might be on the road to "style" has been his undoing. In any case the cloying manner he has adopted for this romantic episode fairly glues his pages together; and one has to turn to the dictionary far too often. Here is a mild example:

> Guy watched for a moment the cheek that was closer to his lips write in crimson the story of his love. He wished he could tell his love for her with even the hueless apograph of such a signal; and yet, since anything he said was only worthy of utterance in so far as she by this ebb and flow of response made it worthy, why should he trouble that cheek, which, sentient now as a rose of the sun, hushed all but wonder?

Does Mr. Mackenzie imagine that he is being Meredithan? Probably not. Probably "Richard Feverel" and the real old English magic of some of its love scenes make no appeal to his modernity. "Between ourselves," one can hear him confiding, "the publisher's advertisement is a bit thick. 'Plasher's Mead' an idyll? Why, my whole purpose was to damn the idyllic, to show the self-destructive quality of a romance that feeds too long and too exclusively on mere glows and trances." That is all very well. But innocent young love remains one of youth's most sincere adventures, and it is inevitable that we should compare Guy and Pauline, if not with Richard and Lucy, at least with such a pair as Galsworthy's brave boy and girl in "The Freelands." The comparison is so unfavorable to Compton Mackenzie, it seems to reveal something so sickly in the fibre of his imagination, that one reverts with a question to his previous work. Did the greater richness and pungency of mere subject matter blind one there to an essential weakness?

E. S. S.

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The Brown Mouse, by Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.25 net.

In "The Brown Mouse" Mr. Herbert Quick has done a unique thing in educational propaganda. The floating of ideas in dramatic form is one of the most difficult things in the world, and for a public not over-imaginative it is one of the most telling. Many people will not assimilate new ideas unless they see them embodied before them, and Mr. Quick has the talent of embodying ideas. Tiring of the reorganization of the rural school, he not only presents it with a completeness which would satisfy the most radical enthusiast of the new education of "learning by doing," but he has also made a most amusing story out of it. The Brown Mouse is Jim Irwin, an odd country fellow who is jocosely elected school teacher to break the deadlock in the district board. He grapples with the rural school and turns it little by little into an inclusive laboratory of scientific agriculture, where all the studies are directly motivated by the demands of the farm and countryside industries. The story of his struggles with conservative parents and the school board, his trial before the girl county superintendent, his gradually spreading fame, is told with graphic humor. Local politics and local personalities furnish a background for the whole rural school problem. The tale takes in the general lack of intelligence displayed in the attempts at agricultural education. Jim visits the state agricultural college and discovers that all the schools ought to be doing much of its work, so that country children should not be forced to wait till they are twenty to get a training which will make farm work significant to them. "Let us cease thinking so much about agricultural education," he says, "and devote ourselves to educational agriculture. So will the nation be strong." But there are murmurs of dissent in the community. Mrs. Haakon Peterson agrees with the editor of the *Nation,* the opponents of the Gary plan, and all who have a well-bred phobia of the utilitarian, when she says to Jim: "But we don't want our children to be brought up to be yust farmers. Suppose we move to town—where does the culture come in?"

"The Brown Mouse" is to be "filmed" and widely circulated. It ought to be of immense value in preventing just that "moving to town," and in inculcating more modern conceptions of "culture."

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